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THE
ECCENTRIC.

BY
GEORGE WEGUELIN, GENT.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WALTON AND MITCHELL,
WARDOUR STREET, SOHO.

MDCCCXXIX.

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TO THE
ECCENTRIC SOCIETY.



GENTLEMEN,

HAVING been honored by you with the distinguished dignity of Laureat, I take the liberty of dedicating these Poems to you; as those humble effusions were produced at the request and earnest desire of the Members of the Society, for their particular pleasure and sole amusement. Composed to elevate Eccentricity, and not prepared for public criticism,—I did not anticipate, at the time I had the honor of reciting them before you, that any Member would so far have abused the confidence honorably and implicitly placed in the Society, as a body, surreptitiously to aim at depriving me of those laurels, your universal suffrage and approbation have decreed me; for contributing so largely and diligently to your hilarity, amusement, and eccentricity.

That this unfair dealing has been exercised towards me, your elected Laureat, no doubt exists; and the injustice has been effected by clandestinely taking notes at the epochs of the Poems being read, and by their

being published by a Member, as his own composition, for his selfish and sordid benefit; thereby defrauding me, their true Author, of my just right and meed, and committing them to the public, (at whose ordeal of opinion they were never purposed to appear,) crude and uncorrected, as they were produced, in hours of confiding cheerfulness and undisguised eccentricity.

That they breathe nothing but what is loyal, and that no immoral feeling stains their lustre,—I, as their Author, feel justly proud; well knowing the difficulty there is, when the mind unbends from serious pursuits and gives the reins to convivialty, to keep right steerage, and avoid falling from mirth to folly.

I therefore, in justification of myself, and honest protection of my own property, (such an outrage and spoliation having been committed by the daring plagiarism,) and not from any personal vanity or pecuniary advantage, but solely in vindication of my own honor and just right, now present those Poems to my brother Eccentrics, as a tribute of my high esteem for them,—as a proof of my diligence in the labors of eccentricity, for the promotion of innocent cheerfulness,—and as a last farewell in my character of Laureat.

I am, Gentlemen,

With great respect,

Your most obedient Servant,

GEO. WEGUELIN.

Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square.

ORDER OF THE POEMS, AND
WHEN READ.

SONG, DUKE OF YORK read *6th Sept.* 1825.
OLYMPUS „ *25th Aug.* 1826.
FUNERAL ORATION „ *17th Feb.* 1827.
ECCENTRIC DRAMA „ *31st Dec.* 1827.

THE LAUREAT'S FAREWELL.

A Song,

DEDICATED TO

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK,

FOR HIS EVER-MEMORABLE SPEECH IN THE
HOUSE OF LORDS.

GOD bless noble York ! I sing,
Whose vow protects his King,
 From enemies profound ;
Who aim to cut down the tree
Of Church, State, and Liberty,
That rais'd our prosperity
 To glorious renown.

What ! shall our gracious King,
Submit to such a thing
 As Popish sway ?
Their hatred's unalterable
To Protestants—unpardonable,
By Pope, Priest, or Cardinal ;—
 God be our stay !

May York's heroic arm
Shield us from every harm,
 That threatens our laws :
Britons, join heart and hand,
To overthrow this papal band,
That would enslave our land ;—
 God defend our cause !

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On York be pleas'd to pour ;
 God strengthen him !
Crown him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to uphold us ;—
 God save the King !

OLYMPUS IN AN UPROAR!

A POETICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

THE ARGUMENT.

AN Author being at his studies, his flights of imagination ascend to Mount Olympus, before the assembly or court of the Gods; who are struck with astonishment at the boldness of the intruder's fancy,—denounce his performances as pedantic, inflammatory, and treasonable; and provokes Jupiter to commence an attack to annihilate all poets and their works, and to desolate the world; but is interrupted in his design by the arrival of Mercury, with tidings of the Author that has caused the uproar, and with additional accusations against him. Minerva interposes in his behalf, defends and vindicates his cause, and challenges the whole synod that can prove to the contrary. The Goddesses get together by the ears;—vast personal abuse;—the sacred mount in danger, which would inevitably been fatal to all, had not Jupiter put a stop to the controversy, by interposing his authority to that effect; sums up the evidence on both sides with great ability and impartiality, and gives judgment in favour of the Author, whom he justifies and immortalizes; commands Apollo to record the same, and harmony and good fellowship is restored. Momus now steps forward, and obtains permission to have a copy from Apollo, which he gives to the world, and in his droll jesting manner tells her he don't care whether she likes it or not, as he is quite regardless of its fate, and thus the Poem ends.

AN humble bard, unknown to public fame,
Who never wrote for honor, wealth or name,

But only for a whim, himself to please,
 When, free from care, he gently took his ease.
 The Muses then engaged his leisure time,
 To jingle nonsense in his head to rhyme ;
 And as Pegasus winged, his fancy soar'd
 To Mount Olympus—before the celestial board.
 The Gods, amaz'd, were struck with great surprize,
 And scarcely could believe their ears and eyes.
 “ Whence comes,” said they, “ this incongruity ?
 There's not a line of it—in unity ;
 This jargon certainly will affright the devil !
 Such tropes, bad grammar,—all is a mere riddle.
 Vain vapid trash, romantic rodomontado,
 The bewilder'd brain of some maniac bravado.
 To puzzle our council, seems the silly attempt,
 The sum and substance of the argument : ”
 For, really, it consisted of neither rhyme nor reason ;
 To say the truth, it savour'd more of treason.
 And who the author was, no one could tell,
 Whether he resided in heaven, earth, or hell ;
 So up they rose simultaneously on the occasion,
 To know who dar'd to make this innovation ?
 Like mighty billows, whose surges lash the sky,
 Is heedless of the bark it throws so high ;
 So work'd they on their powerful potentate,
 To rouse his ire into deadly hate.

This made great Jupiter send forth his thunder,
 To strike the world below with awe and wonder,
 And all her lofty palaces lay waste;—
 Had not swift Mercury, with nimble haste,
 Put a stop to the high dire decree,
 Gone forth to destroy all poets and poetry !
 So coming in with speed, quite out of breath,
 Approach'd the royal presence—pale as death :
 And, bowing reverentially profound,—
 “ Please your majesty,” said he, “ I’ve found
 This extraordinary pedantic prodigy,
 That has made so free with our genealogy.
 Would you believe it comes from the wretched pen
 Of one poor scribbler, nam’d GEORGE WEGUELIN ?
 ’Tis he that has been so prodigal with our lives,
 And of us wrote so many notorious lies ;
 Branding us up and down for paltry rascals,
 As tho’ we were fit for nothing but his vassals.”
 “ Stop, stop !” cried Minerva, “ brother Mercury, you
 mistake ;
 He certainly has been a consummate rake
 Amongst the Goddesses, that is known full well ;
 There’s Venus, the Graces, Muses, all can tell
 How much he lov’d them ; and would risk his life
 To shield our reputation from shame and strife.
 But, as for what you’ve said, I don’t believe
 One word of slander from his lips could breathe ;

All can be said, he's a jocular pleasant man,—
 Now that's the truth;—deny it, I dare who can !”——
 At that the ladies' tongues began to clatter
 So much, no one could tell what was the matter.
 With might and main they each other roast,
 Who had been cuckold or had cuckold most;
 And really were proceeding to hurl a blow
 That threaten'd the sacred mount with overthrow.
 But Jupiter, who past, present, future, all can see,—
 Soon made a virtue of necessity;
 And, therefore, to put a stop to this contention,
 Issued forth his fiat for its peremption.
 In voice tremendous, that the Empyrean shook,
 As thus he address'd the Gods, with solemn look :—
 “ I see” said he “ what all this row's about,
 'Tis envy, malice,—the secret now is out;
 And tho' 'tis said he's an author of little note,
 He never receiv'd a farthing for what he wrote.
 Not like your sapless wits of the present day,
 Who can neither write nor speak, yet look for pay;
 His pen ne'er panegyric'd ambition's shrine,
 Or advocated the voluptuous libertine;
 Or put to blush the lovely virgin's cheek,
 By ribaldry unfit the eye to meet;
 Or e'er polluted the fair historic page,
 By vilifying the illustrious or the sage.

His soul, indignant, spurn'd such venom'd rhyme,
 Whose venal authors live by lust and crime ;
 But was always open, generous, and free,
 To every rank of life in society.
 What, if he did scribble walls for want of paper,
 He's not the worse for that ;—he is no traitor !
 It's that many a celebrated poet have done before,
 Wrote a new year's or natal ode on a cellar door ;
 And some of the wisest have been at a loss to know
 Whether it should be pro or con, or con or pro.
 In my estimation, poor gentleman,
 He did what all should do—the best they can :
 And thus, to fill up time, it is no wonder
 That he sometimes did make a little blunder.
 So the wags may joke and sneer, but, by my state,
 I proclaim him chief of poets immaculate ;
 And for his devoted zeal to our renown,
 His prolific brows with sacred laurel crown.
 With bowls of nectar, to dispel dull care,
 To celebrate the Gods and toast the fair.”——
 His aspect by this time had grown serene,
 And not a trait remain'd of former spleen ;
 For now, like Sol, he shew'd a glorious face,
 As he proceeded on with animated grace.
 “ Come hither, my dear Apollo,” he call'd aloud,
 “ On golden tablet in yon azure cloud,

Inscribe these lays—this energetic verse—
That we in grand assembly may rehearse,
At ambrosial festivals and merriment.”

The Deities unanimously bow'd assent,
And with melodious notes they sung divine
Praises to Jove and the tuneful Nine.

The Royal Court were now rising to retire,
But Apollo returning, with his silver lyre,
Presented the tablet with a gracious smile,
And play'd it off in most exquisite style.

The Gods were all delighted ; and Momus, as a favor,
Requested a transcript of Apollo's labor :
Which, having obtain'd permission, whate'er may be its
lot,

Whether it possesses any title to merit or not,
To the world, merry Momus gives, regardless of hope or
fear ;

But should there be a fault—critic, drop a tear,—
To blot it out ; and in oblivion's bed
Put it to rest amongst your poetic dead.

A FUNERAL ORATION,

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF

H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

HOW shall the Muse begin—where make an end—a theme so ponderous for her feeble pen? Inspire her, Heaven, with thy celestial aid, to draw a portrait of departed worth, adequate to his illustrious rank and merit; for human power cannot perform the task.

Oh, Britons! Britons! the Royal Funeral's past—the solemn dirge is o'er. See how Britannia weeps!—Weeps for her dear son, her chief in arms, who now lies folded in the embrace of Death.—Well might he be called her chief in arms, and most beloved son.—He was the champion of his King, his country, and his GOD.

Dauntless he stood (nor stood in vain), the Hero of our sacred liberties; and boldly threw his gauntlet at the foe, who stood aghast to see his martial spirit and devoted zeal. That vow he then pronounced, flew swift to Heaven's high altar, and was received with shouts of joy by all its Holy Host.—No tear was shed, or requisite, to blot it out, for it was engraven on the hearts of all the Saints that love their God; nor all the powers of hell can e'er erase it thence.—The Pope may grin, and Cardinals gnash their teeth, but 'twill have no effect;—their excommunications, alike their absolutions, are vile cheats. Neither requires he their requiems for his soul, to release it from the bonds of Purgatory; knowing full well they could not save their own. But Purgatory and excommunication—What a weak device!—A bugbear! fit only to alarm a child. Well may these holy fathers strain their utmost nerve to keep their slaves in ignorance; but soon the time will come they'll ope' their eyes, and then farewell to all infernal thralldom.—No! no! his soul ascended to the blessed realms of light, without their help. Fast by the side of God, it is preserved, clothed in glorious immortality, enjoying endless beatitude and love—a just reward—and in his holy council pleads our cause, and shields us from the iron yoke of Popery.

And though his mortal frame moulders in the temple of great St. George, who guards the Castle of our gracious King,—from whose majestic towers his princely arm holds the balance of the mighty world,—Still, still, he lives!—lives in the breasts of all true Englishmen.—But, chief, ye brave defenders of your country!—He was the Soldier's friend!—Nay, he was more—he was their Father also! Bear witness all ye hardy veterans, brothers in arms, when on the plains of Gallia he led you on to victory, how oft he has administered to your necessities.—Like the immortal Nelson, of renown, he did his duty; making the bed of sorrow a couch of down, and easing the pang of death, by cheering the broken heart with this most soothing reflection,—their orphans then became his children.—He fathered all that came to him legitimately, and raised a race of youthful warriors to bless his memory and defend their country.—They came, a thousand strong, from the College of infant Mars, raised by his munificence, to shed the last sad parting tear o'er their Royal patron's corse.—Those tears were tears of feeling—from the heart—that rolled in artless torrents down their innocent cheeks.—“Alas! alas!” they cried, “our father—our best friend—would to God we had died for thee!—Never! never will we disgrace thy precious name, or flinch, in time of need, our beloved country's cause.”

Now let us draw the veil of dark futurity aside, and view the last picture of mortality,—the dissolution of the universe,—that most tremendous day!—When the Archangel, descending with loud trump, shall rend the spheres, and proclaim to man—*TIME'S NO MORE!*—At that dread moment, before the awful throne of *GOD*, all nations will be summoned, for final judgment.—Then will *FREDERICK*, the blessed, the great, be raised up to receive a glorious reward. In bloom of youth he'll then appear, renovated and refreshed.—Like to a Giant, invigorated with new wine, to meet, triumphantly, his pallid adversaries.—But Horror, even Horror, shrinks at the bare recital of what will be their fate!—They too will rise, but in deformity terrific! With hideous shapes, that freeze the young blood and make the hair to stand on end like quills of the fretful porcupine. Then will *Cowls*, *Rosarys*, and *Relics*, and all the trash of *Popish* craft and sanctity, be thrown to *Bats* and *Moles*;—the holy fathers will not own them then.—But all will not avail; mountains and rocks will not screen their accursed heads against the vengeance of offended Heaven; but forth will they be driven to those perpetual infernal shades prepared before the worlds were formed, when chaos reigned—for *Satan* and his impious crew.

Then, Britons ! magnanimous Britons ! rejoice, rejoice, and be exceeding glad !——FREDERICK, our beloved Prince, not only sleeps in peace on earth, but his benign spirit presides o'er our destinies in Heaven ; and, with paternal care, guards our happy isle from Popish chains and slavery ;—diffusing throughout the land, by his most noble and heroic example, a lasting monument of glory to HIS BLESSED MEMORY—

AD INFINITUM.

EXORDIUM,

ADDRESSED TO THE ECCENTRIC SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE very high and distinguished honor which you have been pleased to confer on me, of Poet Laureat,—when I behold before me an assembly possessing such superior and transcendent abilities in the literary world to any thing my humble pen can produce,—impresses me with diffidence and awe; feeling, as I do, my own incapacity to do justice to your expectations. I therefore most earnestly crave your usual kind indulgence and liberality, on this, as on former occasions.

Gentlemen, having been requested to compose a Poem on our return to our original Saloon, from whence all Eccentricity springs, I have shaped the subject into a Drama; the characters of which are selected from some of our most brilliant Eccentrics of the present day, whom I hope will in no wise feel offended at any little liberty taken with their singularities, but attribute it to the whim of the moment; as Poets, you know, are allowed an eccentric latitude, to promote pleasantry and mirth.

A SATIRICAL DRAMA,

ENTITLED

The Eccentric;

OR,

NOTHING LIKE HOME.

• *Dramatis Personæ.*

PRESIDENT,
CHARGER GENERAL,
SERGEANT BAYLY,
PANNEL,
SOMNUS,
SIR JOHN LONGBOW,
JONATHAN MARVELLOUS,
SOLOMON MACE, *Crown Officer*,
BISHOP BONNER,
ARCHDEACON CHANGEABLE,
DOCTOR BOLUS,
MULTUM IN PARVO,
HERCULES CHAMPION,
COMMODORE SWIFTSURE,
LAZARUS HAMMOND.

SCENE—*The Eccentric Hall.*

PROLOGUE, spoken by the Author.

EPILOGUE, ————— Charger General.

PROLOGUE.

BOAST not of Rome, nor all her pomp of state,
Tho' once so mighty, and imperious great ;
She, who proclaim'd herself to all the world
Mistress thereof, and thence her vengeance hurl'd
On all, but abject slaves who bent the knee
And bow'd their necks with great humility.
But Britons, noble Britons, led the way,
To stop ambitious Rome's gigantic sway,
And restore the glorious face of day,—
That long had lain beneath the shades of night :
But as bright Sol arose, dispers'd in flight,
Like the arch Fiend who flew from Uriel's face,
Whose sable pinions only could be trac'd ;
And never more, I pray, will re-appear,
To blast old England with a curse so dear.
O happy hour ! so grateful to mankind,
To enjoy again sweet freedom of the mind.

}

Blest Reformation ! long may thy wings o'erspread,
 And shield our envy'd land from Popish dread.
 But what of Rome, and all her mighty deeds,
 Her lofty turrets or her flow'ry meads ;
 Her Carnivals, or Amphitheatres,
 Her gaudy shows, or wretched Gladiators ;
 Where exhibitions, to amuse the great,
 Are made important matters of the state ?——
 I sing a nobler theme, of vast renown,—
 Eccentric wanderings and return to town ;
 Fam'd London Town—that grand emporium
 Of Merchandise, all the world bring in
 To that great Mart, compact in all its parts,
 The seat of wisdom, sciences, and arts ;
 There noble Georgius reigns with splendid sway,
 The mightiest Monarch of the present day ;
 He holds, with justice, the golden scales of power,
 Diffusing life and joy each circling hour,
 To all his subjects, of whate'er degree,
 Whom he upholds by his magnanimity.
 No Widow or poor Orphan ever cry,
 But what his gracious ear is ever nigh
 To hear their plaints—relieve their wants and cares—
 And with his princely aid dry up their tears.
 Thrice happy nation ! blest with such a King ;
 May God preserve him, let the nation sing.——

Now as we are met, by usage, here to night,
 After a preposterous perilous flight,
 In which I believe few histories of late
 A story half so wonderful relate.
 As birds of passage from bush to brier roam,
 Can find no resting place till they get home ;
 So we, per favour of our glorious King,
 Shelter once more under his sovereign wing,
 To hold our senate in our ancient hall,
 Where Eccentricity extends to all.
 Free brothers of the sacred order rais'd
 Of noble virtues, which can ne'er be raz'd ;
 That love the synod of so great a name,
 And glory only in Eccentric fame,
 Not like the empty fop of high degree,
 Who vaunts his dress or frothy pedigree :
 No, no ; Eccentric essence is a blazing star,
 Whose powerful rays enlighten nations far
 With brilliant ideas, that illume the mind,
 And raise the thoughts above the vulgar kind ;
 Makes genius boundless—aloft in air it flies—
 Expands in space unlimited in the skies ;
 From world to world it roams about at pleasure,
 And then returns with eccentric treasure
 Of wit, of whim, bon-mot, and jeu d'esprit,
 The very soul of Eccentricity,

To the grand Council of the brotherhood,
 Where no two faces lie beneath a hood.
 Like the gay Bee, who roams about for sweets,
 Returns to the hive with delicious meats.
 There all is open, generous, and free,
 Of converse, argument, and liberty,
 To every Member of the Coterie.
 They weigh the laws judiciously and true,
 Cut out the obsolete or make the code anew ;
 With equity and justice fill the chair
 Of regal power, whene'er elected there ;
 And tries impartially the cause profound,
 Sums up with wisdom and the laws expound ;
 Submits with modesty the case before him,
 For the decision of the learned Forum.

}

X See Burke's *Speech* *on* *the* *Reform* *of* *the* *Parliament*

SCENE—*The Eccentric Hall.*

Char. Gen. NOW, gentlemen, all this is vastly fine,
To waste so much of our precious time
With rhapsodies and rhymes, so out of metre,
I could have made much better, by St. Peter!
Call him a Poet? I would not give a curse
For such vile humdrum stuff, as my name's P——se:
He's only a Grub Street bard, I know well,
Whose trash is bawl'd around fam'd Clerkenwell:
But I shall bring a charge before I've done,—
That will, I'm sure, produce some charming fun,—
Against this base polluter of the Muses,
Whose spotless fame he so much abuses;
And as I'm Charger General in this court,
I'll call a chair instantaner, and begin the sport,
So, gentlemen, attend I pray.
I propose learn'd *Burke* to that high station,—
A wiser man there is not in the nation,—

Declare, I beg, without delay,
Whether my request your sufferance meet.

Eccs. All, all, all. Mr. President, take your seat.

Pres. Pray, sir, for what purpose have you call'd me
here?

Char. Gen. To prefer a charge of murder!

Eccs. ————— (Hear, hear, hear!)

Char. Gen. And which has caus'd our wanderings
up and down,
From Dan unto Beersheba, through the town,
And from my pocket drew out many a crown.

Pres. Bless me! this is a serious charge indeed!
Gentlemen, is it your pleasure we try the cause?

(Tremendous uproar follow'd the solemn pause,
And all cried out—Proceed, proceed!)

Pres. Now, sir, go on; but strictly adhere to truth,
For swearing will not do without some proof:
Presumptive evidence is but a plea,—
When life's at stake, facts only will do for me.

So now to your charge:—Who is the culprit, say?

Char. Gen. I charge this waggish Poet of the day.

Pres. Ha! I know him well—What has he done?

Char. Gen. Drown'd poor Hammond in a cask of rum.

Pres. Indeed! indeed! Don't you think 'twas wine,
And made a Clarence of him—out of time?

Char. Gen. It may be so; it's one and the same degree;
It shew'd he didn't possess humanity;—

Besides all this, he took our laws away,
And ever since we all have gone astray.

Pres. Pray have you witnesses to prove your case?

Char. Gen. I have, sir; most respectable,
And very intelligible.—

Somnus! Somnus! stand up and shew your face.

Pres. That he knows nought about it, is very true,
The man has been asleep an hour or two,
And to rouse him now will never do. }

Char. Gen. Well, well, sir; I have more than one
string to my bow.—

Sir John, come forward, and tell us what you know
Of this dark mystery,
And all the history.

(Here a loud laugh took place, and merry jeer,
Because they thought he look'd a little queer;
For it was whisper'd round—he had, by law,
Been deem'd, or made, what Eccentrics call an outlaw.)

Serg. Bayly. Sir, I object to him; he's not a proper
man.

Char. Gen. What, sir, what!—Prove it, if you can?

Serg. B. I both will and can!—This is a foul confede-
racy

Against my worthy friend;—a complete conspiracy
To overthrow his fair reputation,
That has gain'd the Ex's admiration.

Pres. Well, sir, hear him out, and then reply :
To interrupt him is not gentlemanly.

Char. Gen. May I proceed, sir, to prove my case—
Without further interruption taking place ?

Pres. Sir, you are under my protection here ;
I'll punish the next that dares to interfere :
So, sir, proceed with your examination.

Char. Gen. The books, you know, of all the laws were
stole,
And carried to the Shakespear in a shoal.

Pres. That certainly requires an explanation.

Sir John. It's very true, I swear by my salvation.
From thence were smuggled coastways to the Strand,
To Vulcan's Cave, by a desperate band
Of renegados—from their native land,
Who threw them plump into a maiden's lap,
Where they took a comfortable nap,
And now, I believe, are mash'd up into pap.

Char. Gen. Good, very good ; thus far we've got on
gaily,
And silenc'd the *red rag* of Sergeant Bayly.

Pres. Well, sir ?—Proceed — of Hammond — re-
specting him—

Sir John. He was immers'd, sir, in a cag of gin—
Upon my Eccentric honor !—by one Weguelin.
And man and laws, I believe are now as dead

As tho' they never had been animated :
 And what is more, I swear by beauty's bow'r,
 They've not been seen or heard of to this hour.

Pres. That's very strange; the man cou'dn't melt
 away,

As spirit keeps a subject from decay;
 As to the laws, we are guided by their presence—

Char. Gen. But that's their eccentric spirit, — not
 their essence.

Pres. Well, sir, have you any more evidence to
 advance?

Char. Gen. I had, sir, but my witness is in a trance.
 But I have proved, beyond a doubt, my case,
 And trust, Sir John may now take his place.
 As conviction must ensue, and execution follow,
 And then I shall rid off this sad fellow.

Pres. Gentlemen, is it your pleasure to ask this wit-
 ness

Any thing relative to the facts of fitness?

Serg. B. Yes, sir; I have, as Counsel for the De-
 fendant;

Touching this charge that now is pendent;
 So stop, Sir John, I have a question or two,
 Before you go, to put to you.

You are as capital a witness as e'er I knew.

Now, sir, remember, be nothing loath;—

Upon your Eccentric oath—

}

Was it wine, or rum, or gin,
He suffocated this poor creature in ?

Sir John. Mr. President, that question's out of joint
—its a—botheration.

Serg. B. Come, come, sir, to the point ;—
No prevarication !—

Pres. You certainly can demand an explanation.

Sir John. Dear sir ! you've put me in a flusteration.

Serg. B. Come, come, sir ; no shuffling,—my question answer true :

I think you're neither Christian, Turk, nor Jew !
Or you wou'd have been explicit long ago.

Sir John. Well then, upon my honor, I've told you
all I know ;

But P——se can tell you more of it, I trow.

Serg. B. I thought so all the time,—but now the
murder's out,

The Charger General has made so great a rout ;

You see he has made a cat's paw of this lout.

Come, sir, confess every thing before you go ;

Be brief, I beg, and let's have all you know ;

Hide nothing from the Court—perhaps you'll be for-
given

And be received by us as well as Heaven.

Sir John. I really have told you all, I swear by Mahomet's beard,

That bears upon the question you have heard,
 Except what roguish tricks I did myself,—
 To encrease my fame—as misers do their pelf :
 But now I bid adieu to all my wicked bent,
 And turn from prodigal to a true penitent.

Serg. B. That's quite sufficient : I have prov'd a flaw }
 In the indictment, brought by this Jack Daw,
 That on an innocent man he may lay his claw. }
 On this I rest my client's defence at large,
 As no evidence has prov'd so foul a charge.
 As to the story about the laws and books,—
 Lays with themselves,—you can read it in their looks :
 For I have received such authentic information, }
 Brought by the Swiftsure, to our good old nation, }
 That the man's alive and well, beyond disputation ! }

Pres. Now, sir, I call on you for your defence,
 And trust you'll with ease dispel a cloud so dense,
 That hangs suspended o'er your devoted head,
 Before its thunders burst and strike you dead.
 So now I commend you to the care of Him
 Who rules the thoughts and actions of all men.

Pan. Mr. President, and Gentlemen,
 Have patience and I'll do the best I can ;
 And leave the result to you—
 As a Jury just and true—
 Who will decide I'm sure impartially,
 As from your office you receive no fee.

Gentlemen, I'm innocent! and treat this charge with
scorn.

Innocent, did I say? Yes, as the child unborn.
I know the secret workings of the plot,
And workmen too,—the head of whom's a Scot—
Who styles himself a Poet; (poor driveller)—
I would not stake my wit with such a scribbler.
The scraps that bear his name are done by proxy,
Not by the Muses, but a hackney'd Doxy,
Which he sometimes exhibits to the town,
Lest his high fame should suffer in renown.

As for Pegasus he never mounts at all,
Lest he should give him such a kick or fall—
Would dash his sapless brains against a wall,
And thus knock out the remaining few that's left,
To the world's laughter, at his sad bereft:
For, gentlemen, 'tis evident to see

He wants his place again, and turn out me;
And that's the reason why he has raised this story,
To tarnish my laurel crown—my greatest glory—
But your good sense will teach this would-be rhymer
Never to set up more for a refiner

Of men and manners, in a christian land,
As long as this enlightened world shall stand,
And thus I leave my cause within your hands;
Trusting that your decision will this night prove
How much you honor virtue, and true justice love.

Pres. Gentlemen, there do appear to me
 Not mere assertions only, but malignity,
 That has been brought against this worthy man,
 To remove him from our friendship, if they can.
 The defence, I think, is manly, plain and clear;
 And very happy shall I be to hear
 Any gentleman, that candidly will state
 His unbiass'd sentiments on the prisoner's fate;
 Trusting at the same time he'll keep in view
 The Eccentric honor that to himself is due.

Char. Gen. Mr. President, my witness begins to wake.

Pres. Sir, his evidence is come too late.

Somnus. Where am I? Ye powers of darkness tell,
 And do not torment me longer with your spell!

Pres. It's no consequence—sleep on and take your rest;
 We'll not put your torpid conscience to the test.

Bish. Bon. Sir, the Panel's a public pest, and deserves
 no pity,

In issuing to the world his impious ditty:

I could have forgiven him, if he hadn't wrote

A firebrand against our immaculate Pope,

And which most certainly was no joke.

The whole blasphemy is known to the holy See,

And if he's not burnt now, he will at the *Auto da Fe*.

Arch. Changeable. Brother Bonner, I think you are
 rather hard

Against this poor persecuted bard:

Let's have Christian feeling in us pray,
 And let him live to see a better day,
 Which possibly may dawn on him ere long,
 For really, to speak my mind, we both are wrong.

Bish. Bon. Oh, oh ! I see how it is,—you're turn'd

Heretic,

And favor this Reformer in his trick,

Thou vile abominable hypocrite !

But you shall soon excommunicated be ;

I'll purge the world of infidels, and set her free.

Dr. Bolus. If I were sure he'd play'd so foul a part,

I'd physic him to death with all my heart :

A bouncing dose of calomel or jalap

Would soon work up his bowels to a gallop ;

But as I cannot bring my mind to that,

I must be merciful to him—that's flat.

Enter JONATHAN MARVELLOUS.

Jon. Mar. Have you heard the news ?—it's now the
 town all o'er—

As I came through the Strand, there was such a roar :

You know the Crown Office, which us'd to be filled with
castors,

Of all sizes, shapes, and prices, for the by passers, .

Is now clear'd out, and large placards cover

The window from one end unto the other ;

But what it is about I could not trace,—
 The crowd's so dense, I couldn't get near the place ;
 And their tongues were making such a clatter,
 That few, if any, knew what was the matter :
 But this I pick'd up from a knowing hand—
 That a man whom they said was drown'd, was hang'd :
 I think they call'd him—Ham—or Hammond.

Pres. Sir, I thank you heartily for this information :
 It's the cause we are trying now : the accusation
 Is against one WEGUELIN,—for murder and spoliation.

Jon. Mar. Ha ! his father was a Jew ;—I knew his
 dam ;—
 She sold pork sausages at Amsterdam,
 And therefore depend on't 'tis no flam. }

Enter SOLOMON MACE.

Pres. Well, Mace ; you had a tolerable crowd to-day
 Around your house.—How came you through them pray ?

Mace. Crowd !—I know not what you mean—I saw
 none.

Jon. Mar. Come, come, that will not do—you know
 that's hum ;—

You know that's fudge. What does the placard say ?

Mace. Placard ! I know of none—

Jon. Mar. ————— What, not to-day ?

That in your window hung—instead of *castors*?

Mace. If there was any, may I be flammigastred!

Jon. Mar. What! not a bill of news?—come, come,
you know—

Mace. If I do, shoot me for a carrion crow.

But stop a moment—let me recollect—

That I may not have reason to reflect

Upon myself.—I think—I have some doubt——

Pres. Come, come, sir, think no longer—let's have it
out.

Mace. Oh, yes, there is, it's true—if so you call—it's
Of Lodgings to be let to houseless varlets;
But nothing else, I swear by Royal felt:
So you have pump'd it out at last, by stealth'.
Now, Mr. President, I hope that's quite enough,
And that I meet no longer with rebuff.

M. in P. A great deal has been said by way of rhyme,
All which I trust will turn out superfine,
Because I like every thing that is sublime. }

Pres. Well, gentlemen, have you any more to say
On the “March of Intellect,” before it march away?

H. Cham. Yes, sir; I'm full of indignation!—makes
me rise—

The fume of which I think will reach the skies:
To hear such vipers spout forth their venom'd fire
On one who, like myself, stands so much higher;

Not only in stature, but in rank I mean ;
 Whilst they are pigmys, and *rank* enough I ween
 In soul, in character, in talent also—
 As black's to white—as I'll soon plainly show.
 Without going through the black catalogue of charge
 That has been laid against this man, at large,
 Of which I'm confident he is as clear
 As I am living now and standing here.
 Sir, of all the tales I ever heard,
 There never was one truly so absurd.
 I challenge the whole of them that's been on oath,
 That not a word they've utter'd has been the truth ;
 I've witnesses to prove this, by and by,
 Will make them grin and hang their tails awry,
 Like filthy swine, grunting in a sty ;
 Whilst the Charger General has produced but one,
 Unless himself he counts, which in law is none.—
 A vast deal hearsay-evidence has been advanc'd,
 Amounting to what ?—To nothing in the balance.
 I say, and swear, the man's alive and well !
 As my witness, when he comes, can tell,
 And will produce him without magic spell.
 But I'll no longer keep you much in doubt,
 For here he comes—a Giant, strong and stout—
 To defeat their wily purpose out and out.

Enter COMMODORE SWIFTSURE.

Well, Commodore, I'm very glad you're come,
I hope you've had a tolerable run.

Com. S. Aye, faith, I have; were it not for the Algerines

Alias pickpockets, with which the streets now teem,
I should here have been a wonderful time ago,
As I promis'd,—but I must let you know
First how it happen'd, detaining me so long.
And this is truly the burden of the song :—
These pirates suddenly upon me pounc'd, before
I was aware, and took by force my store
Of dollars—chronometer—and, what was worse,
My compass too, by which I steer'd my course;
So I was compell'd to chase a zig-zag sort of way
Amongst St. Giles's rocks, where the filthy spray
Did almost water-log me; but at last
I caught the enemy, tho' scudding fast,
And clapt him in the bilboes, where he lies
To take his trial at the next assize.

Pres. Well, sir, you have run great hazard, undoubtedly,

Of life as well as robbery, most certainly;
But what has that to do in the case before us?
Do you know any thing of Hammond, the Liquorist?

Com. S. Know him !—Yes ; by George, I can't mistake
So many times he's cook'd me a beef-steak.

Pres. 'Tis said he's drown'd, and business at a stand.

Com. S. If he's either—then may I be d——'d !

I saw him, I declare, as I came in,
Serving out *blue ruin*, vulgo ——— gin ;
And making bowls of whiskey-punch, I swear—
All which I understood was coming here :
But if you doubt the truth of what I tell,
I'll soon the mystery solve.—Waiter, ring the bell.

(*Enter HAMMOND.*)

When lo ! to the astonish'd Ex's, Hammond again ap-
pears !

The Ghost of Hamlet could not cause greater fears—
Some said 'twas a spirit—others, 'twas the man ;—
But he himself cried out—

Ham. ———— Indeed I am !

Come hither—examine—I'm solid flesh and blood
As any in this room, and quite as good.—

At length, being satisfied, and the confusion o'er,
Which long had been one scene of great uproar ;
And the Chairman taking courage—without swords—
Put forth a pithy question in these words :—

Pres. Now, Mr. Hammond, I hope before you go—
 If 'tis not too inquisitive—you'll let me know
 Whether you were ever drown'd, or hang'd, at any time?

Ham. Never myself, sir; but a relation was, of mine :
 It's now some centuries since,—no doubt you've heard
 the story,—

When that vile wretch, Queen Esther, reign'd in
 Vashti's glory,—

The cursed Jews did hang him up so high,—
 I think 'twere fifty cubits,—or very nigh,—
 And all through a rascally Mordecai.

Pres. Ha! I see how it is: the enigma is explain'd,
 And the ends of Justice are at length attain'd.—

Sir, I thank you for this explanation,

And require no further attestation.

So you may now withdraw to your occupation.

Gentlemen, as the evidence is all gone through,

I'll simply take a cursory view

In summing up this flimsy charge to you,—

Of which there has been a systematic plan—

Diabolical in the extreme—too deep to scan—

To destroy both life and character of a good man.

Indeed, gentlemen, language falls short to explain to you

The villany and perjury of this vile crew.

Really my indignation is so great,

It makes me jump almost out of my seat :

I'll therefore strip the mask from off the face,
 That the true lineaments you may easy trace ;
 And shew to you, like a magic looking-glass,
 The various artifices that have pass'd—
 Of this dark lurking plot—got up to answer
 Some sinister purpose of their own, hereafter.—
 Now, as to murder—the man has been before us,
 And prov'd, beyond a doubt, to our sight notorious,
 That he's the subject matter in the charge,
 Of which the Charger General talk'd so large,
 And boasted what he'd do—to intimidate with fear—
 But, like a vanquish'd knight, now drops his spear.—
 Gentlemen, the other allegations are a tissue of the same ;
 You know the Eccentric Books every one, by name,
 Are now within our desk.—Waiter, bring the key,
 And open it before us,—come, let me see :——
 Aye, here they are indeed—most certainly.
 Gentlemen, are you satisfied ?—

Eccs. ————— All, all, undoubtedly !

Pres. Then there's a death-blow to this weighty cause
 Of murder, and destruction of our laws ;
 I therefore shall proceed to put the question—
 Of which I think there can be no objection.

Eccs. There is ! there is !—we declare our Bard in-
 nocent ;

And on that head are perfectly content.

Pres. Gentlemen, you've met my ideas—I assent.

Sir, I congratulate you heartily ; and, by every one admitted,

You go from this bar most honorably acquitted.

But, gentlemen, ere I quit this exalted seat,
I've an important duty still that on me wait,
To pronounce a further judgment of the Senate :

It is respecting our Charger General—

Who really, to speak my mind, meant no ill :

You know his humour is sometimes very rum,
And no doubt brought this charge by way of fun.

We should not surely punish him severely—

If we do at all—as it strikes me clearly

He's sorry for what has past, and will apologize
To us and to the accus'd—he has so scandaliz'd ;

I therefore hope that he will be acquitted,
Tho' malice prepense appears to have been committed,
Because I think he stands complete outwitted ;

As all he has said or done this blessed night,
Shews plainly his poor brain has taken flight.

So let's take pity on him, in good part,

And not chastise him—lest we break his heart.

So, gentlemen, is the charge frivolous and vexatious ? say,
Eccentrics, one and all—

Eccs. ————— Nay, nay, nay !—

Pres. Now, Mr. Charger General, take my advice,
And scorn not the admonition—tho' concise—
In all your future charges be more nice :

Reflecting,—were you in such a situation,
 What would be your feelings on the occasion?—

But I shall say no more, but wait reply,

Which every one expects you'll not deny,

Considering you've experienced such lenity.—

But hark! the prompter's bell calls me away,—

So to all good night—as I must obey—

Until we meet again another day.

(*Exit. President.*)

EPILOGUE.

WELL, gentlemen, as the curtain dropt, I stole away
To solicit your opinion of our play.
I did my best, I believe you'll all allow,
But I was foil'd,---permit me, I'll tell you how :—
My charge was good, as good as charge could be,
But somehow I committed *Felo de se*—
Which was not intended, upon my honor, by me.
But such is the glorious uncertainty of the law,
We too oft lose the substance and catch at a straw.
That Poet will certainly be my death, in truth,
Since he has taken up my trade forsooth;
But he will find his match when next I meet him
Upon the stage of life, for popularity's fleeting.
My poetic and legal knowledge is so superior,
That I am sure, in time, to eclipse that meteor;
And should have done it now, hadn't been by chance,
My principal witness was in a trance.
As for the other—a whining knave I call him—
Threw me completely on my back a sprawling;

But I shall rally by and by again,
 When I'll go at it, tooth and nail, amain.
 I am not daunted by this slight rebuff,
 And trust another time he'll have enough ;
 I mean his belly-full, or Old Nick take me,
 And then you'll see how he'll cry out *peccavi*.
 In the mean time, should you want assistance,
 A retaining fee will never meet resistance :
 Allow me to give a card, if one is in my pocket,
 That you may not mistake, and go to neighbour Locket.
 By the by, I'm going to move, and 'tis necessary to tell
 ye,

Lest you should lose your labor—going to slender Billy ;
 So you'll find my new residence
 A few doors from the Regent's Jaw,
 Where business, as usual, 's carried on
 In all branches of the law :—
 But, before I take my leave, I beg to apologize,
 As in the heat of pleading words sometimes will arise
 That may engender wrath : if so, I'm extremely sorry,
 For it would wound my heart, and drive me melancholy,
 Were I to be the cause of such unpleasant feeling
 Amongst my best of friends, by whom I get my living ;
 But trust, as I hope for patronage, that is not the case,
 And that I may hereafter with pleasure shew my face—
 As nothing shall be wanting on my part to serve you all,

Whenever my attendance is required in the Eccentric
Hall.—

As such I now retire, with respectful ceremony,
To return to my sweet Home—to love and harmony—
For tho' in search of pleasure, man continual roam,
Of all the pleasures in the world there's "nothing like
Home."

THE LAUREAT'S FAREWELL.

TO THE RENOWNED SOCIETY
OF ECCENTRIC NOTORIETY.

GENTLEMEN,
IN addressing these few lines to you,
Your Laureat takes his last adieu ;
That when on them you cast an eye,
'Twill keep alive Eccentricity.
You'll then remember the poor bard,
And think his fate was rather hard.
Tho' honored by that lofty name,
Which emanated from your fane,
He now must trudge an humble life,
And mix again with noise and strife.
No longer can he mount aloft,
Tho' many have been the time and oft
He soar'd so high for recreation,—
He seem'd a spot in the creation.
Olympus own'd his powerful sway,
And all the Gods did homage pay :

So much he had them in subjection,
 There was not one that could eject him!—
 He made them dance, or sing, or play,
 As pleasure prompt, when he was gay :
 Or to his satiric, sprightly wit,
 He wore the cap that it did fit ;
 Even Jupiter, their sovereign prince,
 Bow'd to superior excellence—
 And paid his court, his grace to win,
 As much as his subjects paid to him.
 Some thought he'd not come down again,
 To ever tread the terrestrial plain ;
 But what the world's ideas surpass'd—
 To him was quite an easy task ;
 He dash'd the clouds about, like spray,
 And open'd to himself a way !
 For to descend with perfect ease,
 When whim prevail'd, just as he please,
 Through thick and thin he steer'd his course ;
 And sat so well upon his horse,
 They could not oust him from the saddle—
 Tho' ofttimes tried at by the rabble—
 So that he thought himself secure
 'Gainst every artful rogue or boor.
 But what could not by might be gain'd,
 Was soon by subtil fraud obtain'd :—

A half-starved Friar, hit on a plan
 To steal his steed—poor foolish man!—
 His fan'd Pegasus, for whom his love
 Exceeded Venus's for her Doves;
 Who was ne'er known from him to stray,
 Or loiter on the Parnassian way;
 But always obedient to his mind,
 Gentle, dutiful, and kind.
 He was his companion from his youth,
 If e'er in fault, he own'd the truth;
 Tho' it might cast on him a blame,
 It left no stain unto his shame.
 But, as the wise adage relate,
 We shut the door when 'tis too late:
 Could we but see so much before hand,
 Should be the wisest in the land;
 But nine times in ten it is the case,
 It's found out after it's taken place.
 Now the facts are these, I do aver,
 Without using more metaphor:—
 The poor animal had just come in
 From off a journey it had been,
 Rode by his master, WEGUELIN;
 To bring some tidings, of great import,
 To the Eccentrics' royal court;

}

Who all were met by proclamation,
 Expecting surprising information
 From some foreign land or nation :
 That Pegasus had discover'd golden mines,
 In Olympus, or the huge Alpines—
 Very much wanted at that time—
 To renovate their exhausted chest,
 That was now become a jest.

}
 }
 }

So he was graciously receiv'd,
 And order'd for to have a feed ;
 Whilst his lord took a little ale,
 To give him strength to tell his tale.
 Conceiving him safe, as the Ex's muse,
 And that he'd never be abus'd
 By any Christian, to his hurt,
 But what's to be said of Jew or Turk ?
 I beg, by way of interlude,
 To use a little similitude ;
 For trope is necessary sometime,
 To make it fit, as well as rhyme ;
 So, without any more ado,
 I'll now relate the facts to you.—
 Just at this crisis, this hungry hound
 Smelt out Pegasus was come down,
 And, gnashing his pale lantern-jaws,
 With joy—to get him in his claws ;—

Not to let slip the precious moment,
 Unless he met with some opponent.
 Thus flush'd with success, in ecstasy,
 Breath'd forth this sweet soliloquy :—
 Said he, “ If I have any brains,
 As sure as my name's ——— ——— ———
 I'll pounce upon, ride off the jade ;
 By that exploit, my fortune's made.
 The budget with which he is well stor'd,
 Will be to me a miser's hoard.”
 Now Pegasus, he had got no wealth,
 But what was innate in himself;
 And ride him he could'nt was known well ;—
 The Caitiff stole him for to sell ;
 Faith, sure enough he put in action
 The very scheme he had been hatching ;
 With wily craft he laid his plans,
 And soon accomplished his ends.
 I'll give his character here some touches,
 Lest you should fall into his clutches ;
 Which if you did, depend upon it,
 No good would ever sure come of it :—
 This sly Fox differs from another,
 For one paw's shorter than the other,
 With which he snatches up his prey
 Whene'er he finds it in his way ;

A perfect glutton of his kind,
 Devours all that he can find ;
 He's sometimes 'guised in a cowl,
 And bays the moon with hideous howl ;
 'Tis then his appetite's most keen,
 As from the sequel will be seen.
 The benighted traveller seeks in vain
 A friendly cot on Afric's plain ;
 With horror hears the lion roar,
 Who prowls the desert round for gore ;
 Sinks down with terror and dismay,
 Expecting death before the day ;
 But when at an inn, and treated kind,
 And shelter'd from the north-east wind,
 Fear and despair never haunt his mind. }
 'Twas thus Pegasus dreamt no harm, }
 As he was comfortable and warm, }
 And therefore it gave him no concern. }
 Poor silly fool, so easy caught,
 Reason and experience ought have taught
 Him where to place his confidence,
 Fam'd as he was for wit and sense :
 But shew of friendship too oft retard,
 And throws a man from off his guard,
 When he should be most vigilant
 To watch pretended friends' intent ;

For so it was by a surprise
 He took him off in a disguise,
 And sold him for a monstrous price
 To his musty Convent, a very hell,
 On Garlic Hill's the stinking cell
 Of infidels, worse than Old Nick ;
 'Twould make his Holiness quite sick.
 Were he to see their Pandemonium,
 He'd excommunicate the whole of them :
 Their blasphemous songs and drunken revels,
 Rank them beneath the swinish level ;—
 An unprincipled set of knaves,
 Would set the universe in a blaze
 Were they able ;—but, thank God,
 George keeps them down with an iron rod :
 So they may storm, and growl, and swear—
 Bite, they cannot, I declare.
 But to return to my sad story,
 Which extinguishes all my glory,—
 Pegasus now is broken down,
 And, as a draught-horse 'bout the town,
 I do not think he's worth a crown :
 For whilst the poor devil's any breath,
 They'll goad him on unto his death ;
 And, what I'm most afraid, he'll be
 So hackney'd, he'll no longer flee ;

For so merciless are his masters,
 They care not a straw for him hereafter :
 No matter if dogs'-meat betide him,
 If they can make a penny by him ;
 So to the knackers he must come,
 Where mercy's never shewn to none ;
 And that I know must be his doom.
 There see him stretched upon the ground,
 Looking composedly around ;
 Though writhing with a broken heart,
 That he and the Ex's now must part.
 " Farewell ! farewell, my friends ! he cries,"
 Whilst the tears' streaming from his eyes ;
 Then heav'd a sigh—a heavy groan—
 Life's now extinct—his race is run
 Beyond recall—the muse is gone !



AN OLYMPIC ROMANCE,
ENTITLED THE
WHIM OF THE BRAIN;
OR,
The Force of Imagination.

A SATIRE ON THE WORLD,
TO LASH THE VICE AND FOLLY OF THE AGE;

REPRESENTED BY EMBLEMATICAL CHARACTERS FROM
HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

BY
GEORGE WEGUELIN, GENT.

Satire's a pruning knife, so sharp and keen,
So fine its edge—it seldom should be seen,
Unless in language giving no offence
To learned men, or men of common sense :
In trope, similitude, or metaphor,
To make it palatable to the ear—
For, otherwise, it loses its effect—
Defeats the purpose meant it should correct.
Its object is to cut and clear away
The baneful weeds of vice in folly's day ;
But yet with cautious hand, lest we destroy
The shoots of virtue, rising into joy.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY WALTON AND MITCHELL,
WARDOUR STREET, SOHO.

MDCCCXXX.

EXORDIUM.

HAVING been induced, from motives which particularly concerned my own personal honor, to publish, last year, a small volume of poems, entitled "THE ECCENTRIC," the flattering manner in which they were received, not only by my brother Eccentrics, but also by private Gentlemen, has prompted and emboldened me again to offer my humble Muse to public notice ; trusting, at the same time, it will meet with a favourable reception ; and that critics will not be too severe, but take the will for the deed ; as the sole object is more to oblige and please my most dear and intimate friends, who have been very solicitous for its publication, than to gratify any vanity on my part, or pecuniary consideration derived therefrom.

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

With great diffidence and respect,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*Grafton Street,
Fitzroy Square.*

INTRODUCTION.

IMAGINATION—to the mind
Is as tempestuous waves, or boist'rous wind ;
Raging mountains high, or dashing to and fro,
Replete with joy, or overwhelm'd with woe ;—
To distant climes, an instant can convey
Your frantic fancy, clear as the noon-day :
Or to the sense portray, what's most profound,
Where ghastly spectres stalk their nightly round ;
Or Gods, who in their revels dance and sing
Like mad or drunk, or birds of early spring.
To prove this bold assertion, I declare
My brain is wandering now, I know not where.

IMAGINATION.

ONE fine serene summer's evening, as the sun was fast approaching the horizon, and the heavens were beautifully illumined with a vermillion radiance, inviting man, for the benefit of health and relaxation, to quit the busy scenes of life for a while, and partake of the tranquillity and fragrance of the field. Being then at my country seat, inclination led me to take a solitary walk in my park; but whether to my grot, situate in a romantic labyrinth of evergreens, or otherwise to my sylvan temple, commanding from its eminence a delightful prospect of the surrounding country, I was undetermined; both being equally agreeable and desirable, as a solace either to a recluse for study, or a man of pleasure to relax. At length the latter predominated, and as I passed along over the velvet lawn to the grateful bowery shade of lofty elms, the songsters of the grove were rivalling each other in sweet notes of gratitude to their divine Benefactor and Protector, whilst the soft refreshing zephyrs played around my head,—waving in gentle motion the tender spray, and gave to the enamelled carpet of the mead the acme of perfection and salubrity. Bless me, said I,

What a lovely paradise is this,
To live on earth as tho' in bliss!

Meditating on the beauties of nature—the wonderful works of the Great Creator—who, by his mighty power, at his word, formed this grand stupendous fabric from out of chaos, for the benefit and pleasure of his too disobedient and discontented creature—man; who pays so little reverence and respect to his infinite wisdom and goodness; and who, so far from being dissatisfied and repining at his lot—placed as he is in a garden of abundance and felicity—ought to be most particularly thankful and happy, and extol and revere his Holy Name, for the innumerable blessings which he showers down from his celestial throne, in due season, for the relief and support of the universal globe.

These and other reflections threw me into a contemplative mood, and being arrived at my charming bower, which Flora had bedecked with her choicest favours, I sat down to enjoy the delightful landscape before me; when I became so enamoured with my rural incognitum, that I was almost determined in my mind to pass the remainder of my days in solitude. Where in a retreat so agreeable—

The man retired from worldly cares
Has nothing to alarm his fears.

But, gracious powers, how transient are the joys and pleasures of this life! And how frequently the expectations and senses of man take flight from those objects that lull and captivate the heart into a state of enthusiastic ecstasy of delight, to others as diametrically opposite as light is to darkness, or as the gay and bustling metropolis is to the most wild and uninhabited part of the universe.

Such indeed was the illusion that took possession of

my mental faculties ; for, in an instant, as if by magic, my terrestrial pleasures were hurried away by an impetuous impulse of fancy, on the wings of Pegasus, from my peaceful bower to the renowned Mount of Olympus ; where, methought, tired with my journey, I fell into a profound sleep. But my roving spirit did not long remain in a state of torpor ; for my mind's eye, ever active, was immediately opened to scenes more brilliant and enchanting than had ever been witnessed by my natural ones. A new world now presented itself to my view, of the most splendid and magnificent description ; in the centre of which stood, pre-eminently majestic, the kingdom of mighty Jove. Gods and Goddesses were promenading in groves of golden fruits, and gardens of delightful flowers. Other Deities were hurrying to and fro as though on missions of importance. Nymphs were bathing and sporting their angelic shapes in fountains of pure crystal. Sylvan Gods and Satyrs were piping and dancing in airy rings, whilst Bacchanals were carousing rich nectar that flowed in copious streams from rocks of alabaster. In brief, what with the voluptuous scene before me—the gay and festive song—the sprightly dance—and the melodious and transporting music—my enraptured heart was led captive, and convinced me I could be in no less a place than the happy Garden of Eden, or the celestial Fields of Elysium.

As here absorb'd in Somnus' arms I lay,
Morpheus reign'd with visionary sway.

Pleased with so extatic a spectacle, I became anxious to join those happy spirits ; when, at that instant, I received a gentle tap on my right side, which roused me in my celestial delirium. Turning quickly round, to

see from whence it came, my astonishment may be more easily conceived than expressed, at the grand and awful phenomenon which struck my wondering sight. A lovely divinity, in the full bloom of youth, stood before me, clothed in a loose mantle, white as snow, down to her feet, which were shod with golden sandals, fastened by diamond latchets. Her face resembled the sun in its full splendor; with beautiful auburn tresses, flowing in artless ringlets over her angelic shoulders, that were guarded with burnished armour to her waist. A golden helmet, surmounted with a rich plume of ostrich feathers, adorned her head; a brilliant shield blazed on her left arm; whilst her right hand held out to me a golden spear, as a token for my approach.—Reader, whatever thy sensations might be at such a moment, I know not; but as to my own, I became motionless and dumb. The sudden surprise occasioned by the sight of so majestic a personage—whose full penetrating azure eyes shot through me like lightning—had so powerful an effect over my whole system, that animation was suspended for a time, and I remained as immovable as a statue—cold and senseless:

I saw—but, like an image, inanimated stood:

The spectre chill'd my frame, and froze my blood.

I would have given the world, had it been in my power to have withdrawn from her presence. But, perceiving my fright or bashful timidity, in a soft and persuasive tone of voice, she said, “Fear not.” At these words I took courage, and advanced, though with a trembling step, towards her: falling on my knees, I implored, in the most supplicating manner, her mercy and protection; when, taking me by the hand, with great affa-

bility and good nature, she bid me arise. Asking my name, residence, and business, I replied, they called me IMAGINATION; that I was a wanderer from the world; that I came not merely to satisfy curiosity, but to gain improvement. Then said she, “Fair youth, what is the summit of thy ambition? As thou hast had the good fortune to approach so near the gods, declare it, that I may give it thee.” I replied, “The attainment of wisdom, learning, and virtue—that I may have it in my power to act with truth, and do justice to all mankind.” Then said she, “Thou pleasest me well in thy request: would to the gods every one in the world were of thy disposition.

Then haughty, proud Ambition, would be crush’d;
And all be wise, religious, charitable, and just.

“I am Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; and inas-much as thou hast not asked for either riches, honors, or long life; all these will I give thee, besides thy request, and every other qualification the gods can bestow: and moreover, before I permit thee to return to the world, I will introduce thee to the presence of magnanimous Jupiter, and declare thy worth to his whole court. What thou hast seen, is nothing to what thou shalt hereafter behold: for to-night I will take thee to his splendid pantheon, where thou shalt receive the unanimous thanks of the gods for thy reward. There a grand annual ambrosial festival is kept in high revelry:

Gay Bacchus pours rich cordials from his hoard,
And choice Pomona crowns the festive board.

“The various Gods and Goddesses return from their respective embassies, and having reported the result of their several missions, crown the night with mirth and

glee, drowning all care in goblets of the richest nectar. I preside over the whole assembly,* except their Majesties; and they, although in that exalted sphere, pay the greatest respect and deference to my counsel; but having had little to do in the world, as the generality of mankind have set their faces against my wholesome statutes, I have returned expeditiously, in order to see that the entertainment is provided suitable to the dignity of the Gods." I was about to return her my warmest acknowledgments for her very polite attentions, when she prevented my paying her further compliments, by saying, with a look of kindness, "It is no time for us to linger—follow me;" which I instantly obeyed, and mounting her chariot that was in attendance for her reception, we were as swift as thought conveyed to the top of the mount, where

With admiration I survey'd the pile—

And gaz'd with wonder whilst her Godship smil'd.

Words are inadequate to express my astonishment at the first glance of so superb an edifice. A grand and lofty temple, with innumerable columns of beautiful marble, and dedicated in letters of gold to Jupiter—from whence the sumptuous fane of great Diana of Ephesus seems to have taken its splendid semblance.—A perpetual spring bloomed around, and the very air breathed perfumes odoriferous. I should have conceived, had it not been for my royal guide, I was transported to some fairy land, or enchanted by some necromancer's art; but she made light of it, telling me withal, if the external appearance had such an effect on my present ideas, what would it not have, when I was admitted into the august presence of Ma-

jesty, and the whole assembly of Deities. I replied, I hoped she would pardon my simplicity and inexperience, not having had the honor to soar so high before : the which, with a benign smile, full of tenderness, she immediately granted. The guards having announced our arrival, Jupiter instantly dispatched a magnificent aerial car, drawn by six high spirited cream-coloured winged horses, for our escort, guided by the good Genii, bearing flambeaus of delicious fragrance, and attended by the Muses and Graces, accompanied with a select band of music that Apollo had provided, playing in a most exquisite style of excellence as they came to meet us—Hail! mighty Imagination, our father and protector!—We were no sooner alighted from our chariot and seated in the car, than the procession began in a sumptuous and princely manner. The Nymphs of Flora strewing flowers and dancing in an angelic style before us, waving garlands in airy rings, and crowning us with chaplets of roses, whilst the celestial band transported my very soul, and raised it to the highest pitch of extacy, thus—

In princely manner through the clouds we fly,
Whilst clarions loud proclaim our approach is nigh.

Leading on, we entered a grand spacious court, by a most superb triumphal arch, built in the Corinthian style of architecture ; opposite to which, in corresponding elegance, stood a magnificent portico that led into the temple, decorated with trophies, banners, and escutcheons of most of the renowned Gods and Heroes of antiquity. At the entrance thereof, we alighted, amid the shouts and acclamations of the assembled Deities, who had come out to welcome us to their happy

abode. I was then ushered into the royal presence, and presented with all due form by my kind guide to their Majesties, who received me in the most affable and affectionate manner. Yet I must confess that, although I had witnessed so much attention and god-like splendor before, I was now struck with peculiar awe on entering into the presence of royalty, and the majestic solemnity and grandeur of the place, quite overcame my wonted spirits. But soon recovering from my embarrassment, I perceived Jupiter had laid aside his thunderbolts, and appeared with a pleasing mien, instead of the terrific countenance my timid fears had portrayed to me, the which my guide informed me was in consequence of my paying him a long wished for visit. After many compliments had been exchanged, and I had received the fullest assurance of his inviolable attachment and regard, I was handed with great state by my former attendants to a grand seat that had been prepared for my reception and accommodation. But, immortal powers, how shall I describe the glory of my exalted station! My senses left me for a time and my head ran round, unused to such distinguished and weighty dignity, with excess of delight.

Thus, like a hero, to immortalize my name,

I rose from grov'ling earth, to mount the throne of Fame.

At length, the gods being assembled, Jupiter ascended his throne with great pomp; and, in a most eloquent and impressive speech, thus addressed me: "Permit me," said he, "most illustrious stranger, for myself, and on the behalf of my brother gods, to congratulate you on your safe arrival in our remote domi-

nions, which thousands have attempted (the perilous flight) in vain to reach. We have oft beheld from our celestial regions, with feelings of great pity, their maniac-like attempts; but nought could save them, (so bent they seemed on their own destruction) till their temerity and folly was punished, like Bellerophon's, by falling headlong to the earth—there procumbent, never to rise again. But as it has pleased the Fates your career should be crowned with success, long may you remain amongst us, and be incorporated into our happy hierarchy. I therefore request, for myself, as also on the part of my brother gods, your acceptance of the freedom of our renowned pantheon; wishing you all health and happiness long to enjoy the felicity of so desired an union between us."

Jupiter having finished his congratulatory address, I arose, and, bowing most profoundly, first to the throne and then to the whole assembly, returned them my most sincere and unfeigned thanks for the high and distinguished honor they had so munificently conferred upon me. Swearing by the sacred alliance concluded between us, never to desert or debase so august an assembly; but that I would always, to the uttermost in my power, endeavour to merit their high gracious condescension and esteem. As soon as I had concluded my grateful acknowledgments for the favors conferred, an universal shout of approbation ensued.

Here loud applauses ran throughout the throng,
And all was mirth, hilarity, and song.

I had now an opportunity, during an interregnum of some forms of court, to examine more minutely the interior of this grand and wonderful edifice, with all its

peculiarities, manners, and customs ; of which the following is but a faint description.

This hall of audience, or court of the gods, in the magical temple, or palace of mighty Jove, which seemed to float on the azure surface of the clouds, was a most magnificent rotunda, whose walls were overlaid with burnished gold. Its lofty dome was supported by light fluted columns of beautiful alabaster ; the compartments between them were filled with sculptures of bronze and gold in bas-relief ; exhibiting the histories of the adventures and achievements of their most renowned gods and heroes : but the most remarkable, was a colossal statue of Jupiter himself in all his glory, when he subdued the Titans and the giants. Near to which, his sumptuous throne of ivory and gold was erected ; which far exceeds any description that I can give of its splendor, elegance, taste, and sublimity. He sat majestically thereon, arrayed in a superb mantle, with Juno, his lovely queen, by his side, in all the glow of youth and pomp of attire, crowned with a rich diadem of brilliants, under a princely canopy of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls, most tastefully diversified in wreaths and bouquets, representing Flora's captivating and enchanting bower. On this occasion, he held in his right hand his royal sceptre of cypress ; as he had given his thunderbolts in charge to his noble eagle, who stood at his feet with expanded wings, by way of state, to guard his golden shoes ; but farther, there was no necessity, as his countenance beamed with complacency and love. His brother Gods stood around him, according to seniority, clad in sumptuous robes of their respective offices. But those who had been on embassy,

had a preference of royal seats assigned them near his august person, and received peculiar marks of his royal condescension and attentions. In short, the grandeur of the spectacle was so truly interesting and attractive, and was rising more and more into importance every moment, that I shall sum up all further description at present, by saying

If you were there, this palace to behold,
You'd call me Midas, who turn'd all to gold.

By this time the royal synod had taken their respective seats. Each divinity that had been on embassy to the world, were attended by two companions or assistants, who had accompanied them in their mission, and who on this occasion had the honor of a seat on each side of their superior, as supporters. But it would have raised the risibility of a stoic, notwithstanding the grandeur and solemnity of the court, to have seen this droll motley group of Gods and their harlequin pageantry, which I should have continued more minutely my description of, had I not been drawn off from further remarks, by their immediate proceeding to business,—when

Silence being proclaim'd aloud to all,
Majestic stillness reign'd throughout the hall.

Jupiter now broke the solemn pause that had prevailed for some time, by a concise and elegant speech from the throne—in the following energetic appeal:—“Brother Gods,” said he, “I have here assembled you, according to annual custom, and trust you will not be found deficient in giving as good an account of your diligence and activity in your late missions, as on former occasions, as much for the unsullied stain of your own

honor, as for the glory and dignity of my crown. I therefore hope you will acquit yourselves with greater reputation, if possible, to-night, than heretofore; considering the high honor that is done us by our new ally from the world being with us in person, and that perchance we may never have that felicity again. It is therefore my particular wish and request that each of you conclude the narrative of your respective travels and adventures, with a poetical effusion, by way of creating mirth and good fellowship. By thus complying with my heartfelt desire, I shall ever consider you as my faithful and loving adherents, that are not backward in loyalty, duty, or obedience to your sovereign, who has, at all times, your welfare and interests at heart." Jupiter had no sooner finished his address, than Apollo, with his whole band, struck off in full concert,—the assembly chanting most melodiously—

“ We shall not be wanting in affection or loyalty,
If your Majesty will open our annual jubilee.”

The call on the throne beginning to become clamorous, Jupiter, after a short pause, in which he bowed most gracefully to his royal assembly, returned a short complimentary reply, in these words:—“My royal companions and coadjutors, as it seems to be your unanimous desire I should commence the harmony of the evening, I will endeavour, to the best of my ability—

To please and pleasure you,
Such as it is, you are welcome to.”

Here followed a general burst of applause and approbation, which soon subsiding, Jupiter began the evening's entertainment and revels with the following pleasing invitatory congratulation, accompanied by the

rich selected band of Apollo; which played in grand style to every vocal performer, throughout the joyous night.

SONG I.

Jupiter's congratulatory Welcome to the Gods.

TUNE—"Sound the trumpet, beat the drum."

WELCOME every one of you,
 To this our festive treat ;
 May spite, nor malice, ne'er subdue
 Our harmony and fete :
 But let this night be crown'd with glee
 And mirth for recreation,
 By gods of every degree,
 To please Imagination.
 Hail ! hail ! hail ! hail, Imagination !
 Hail ! &c.

Welcome, thrice welcome, ev'ry one,
 From peace or war's alarms ;
 From Gallic scenes, or rustic fun,
 Or wanton lover's arms.

But let, &c.

May peace and plenty e'er await
 The renown'd of Olympic story,
 And future prospects stimulate
 You on to deeds of glory :
 But let, &c.

This Song was received with the loudest and warmest plaudits of approbation by the whole assembly, who rose simultaneously to sing a complimentary ode, in honor and praise of their king; which immediately took place as follows.

SONG II.

Adoration.

TUNE—" *The Lamplighter.*"

LONG live our noble, gracious King,
 'Till time shall be no more ;
 His praise and glory we will sing
 To ev'ry distant shore.
 And when our mount shall roll away,
 Nought but heaven's high space to see,
 We'll spend the rest of our happy days
 With him in a new country.

The Gods and Goddesses, according to their seniority of rank, began now to give in an account of their various receptions in the world on their late missions. The first that had this honorable and distinguished preference was Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom—my most illustrious guide. She arose, with all the smiles of Aurora on her lovely cheeks, supported on her right by Themis, the goddess of Justice, and on her left by Diana, the goddess of Chastity; when, after paying her graceful respects to the throne, she addressed the assembly as follows:—

“Most wise and renowned Gods, at my first entrance into the world, I flattered myself I should have been received with open arms of friendship and love; and that a contention for the honor of my personal acquaintance and abode, would have ensued. But, to my great surprise and mortification, I had the greatest difficulty to find a resting place for the sole of my foot—the world being so wise in its own conceit, even from the prince to the peasant, that no one courted my assistance or advice. Accordingly, the short time I stayed on *terra firma*, I was obliged to wander about in disguise, to be enabled to bring back any information of the degeneration of human nature; and yet, at the same time, you would have supposed, from external appearances—the pedantic flourish and plausible sophistry that were in every one’s mouth—that myself and companions were in the highest favour and esteem. But all this outward show of regard, upon a more minute inspection, was only to serve them for a cloak to hide their gross ignorance, vice, and injustice from the world; as the world made use of me, in turn, to answer the same purpose

for themselves. So that after roving up and down till nature was nearly exhausted, and despairing of any success—as the generality of mankind being so blind of themselves, or so blinded by others, who pretend to know better—I and my companions took our departure immediately, leaving the world with indignation and disgust. As Wisdom, Truth, Virtue, and Justice are now more generally known by name than the practice.”

SONG III.

Folly.

TUNE—“*Dimple Boy.*”

WISDOM now is quite a toy,
 Hardly fit to please a boy,
 As the world so wise is grown,
 They would not let it be known,
 If 'twere possible to be,
 That they are in want of me ;
 But though my precepts they despise,
 I count them not so wonderful wise.

The time will come when they will say,
 I wish I had but kept the day,
 That wisdom's voice spoke in my ear,
 But I would not attend nor hear :

Then I had led a happy life,
 For courtezans had wed a wife ;
 Been rich, respected,—whereas bad vice,
 Has beggar'd and kill'd me in a trice.

Yet there are some who me adore,
 And crave my counsel more and more :
 The seven sage men of Greece, so bright,
 Are worthy every sweet delight ;
 They refus'd all worldly earthly toys,
 In preference to grave wisdom's joys ;
 So now let's praise them to the sky,
 And immortalize their names on high.

The Goddess of Wisdom having resumed her seat, was immediately succeeded by Fama, the goddess of Report ; who, as she arose to pay her respects, appeared to have a brazen front of adamant, with a most insinuating tongue. Fabula, the goddess of Lies, was on her right, and Proteus, who possessed the power of transformation, on her left. When making her obeisance, with an arch look she began as follows :—

“ Most famed and potent Gods, the rumour of my arrival in the world had no sooner reached the earth, than Fame raised me to the highest pinnacle of glory. All the four quarters of the globe were for receiving me and my attendants at once. But, after due considera-

tion, I determined on visiting Europe, as the best calculated to exercise my powers of deception upon: and, indeed, I was not mistaken—as I found the nations perfectly ripe for any imposition to be practised on them—credulity being the ruling passion of the times: for so great is the natural propensity of the world for extravagant news, that all ranks and degrees would run from Dan to Bashsheba to hear a ridiculous tale, however absurd. Thus report never loses by circulation, but swells into importance from lies assuming ten thousand shapes, in its progress through the universe.

SONG IV.

Credulity.

TUNE—"Poll and my partner Joe."

I SCARCE into the world had popp'd,
 My name was known so well,
 Before such thousands round me got,—
 More than my tongue can tell:
 They gap'd and star'd—seem'd wonderous wise,
 To hear what I had to say;
 And believ'd every word as quite suffice,
 Such stupid elves were they.
 For wisdom they appear'd to me just like an Essex calf:
 In short, if you had but been there,
 To have seen those apes grimace and stare,
 'Twould have made your Godships laugh.

I turn'd the people's brain so much,
 They believ'd that black was white ;
 And every thing at my touch,
 Whether in or out of sight,
 Was magnified so wond'rous large,
 From pebble-stones to rocks,
 That at a pop-gun's loud discharge
 The multitude would flock ;
 To hear a tale of cock and bull, they'd run a-thirst nine mile.
 In short, if you had but been there,
 To see those boors grimace and stare,
 'Twould have made your Godships smile.

At play-house, opera, ball, or rout,
 So attractive is my name ;
 When any simple thing's given out,
 What thousands spread my fame !
 Perhaps a bottle conjuror,
 Or some such gross burlesque ;
 A fire or a stone eater,
 Their pockets for to frisk.
 Thus from pole to pole the world by me is made a simple calf.
 In short, if you had but been there,
 To have seen those fools grimace and stare,
 'Twould have made your Godships laugh.

The goddess of Report was succeeded by Mars, the god of War : his aspect was bold and terrific, exhibiting marks, in honorable scars, of great service. Mors, the goddess of Death, supported him on his right ; and Discordia, the goddess of Contention, on his left. After making an elegant military salutation, he addressed the royal court as follows :—“ Most powerful and generous Gods, so remarkably fond is the world of broils and contentions, that she is seldom without my interference to settle her differences, before order and tranquillity can be restored. I had no sooner entered the confines of the grand universe, than I found my powers and authority were necessary to be called into immediate action. The Kings of the Earth had risen up in hostility against each other, and their unruly subjects were in downright rebellion against them all ;—and all this uproar and confusion arose in consequence of Lucifer having diffused into the minds of the Nations, through the medium and industry of his devoted diabolical saint, Tom Paine, the baneful and infatuating notions of liberty and equality, which had spread like wildfire throughout the world, so that scarce a kingdom or state was exempt from its deadly intoxicating effects. I, therefore, became alarmed for the safety and welfare of that delightful and heaven-born spot, Old England ; whose laws, justice, religion, honor, commerce, and prosperity, are not only the nearest and dearest to my heart, but the admiration and envy of all the world. Fearing she might fall into the same delusive error with her neighbours, I hastened to watch her movements ; and was just in time to rescue her from the impending danger that seemed to threaten her very existence :

for St. George had reclined his spear; the noble and majestic lion no longer bristled his shaggy mane; and Britannia began to droop her head—to see her country, once so flourishing, the seat of arts and sciences, now hurrying on to the precipice of destruction. This roused my spirit to the highest pitch of indignation, at their vague and poisonous principles; and I instantly flew to the aid and relief of great George and his dominions; swearing by your majesty's most gracious goodness, never to abandon so sacred an isle,—the land of freedom,—in distress. I soon subdued his enemies, restored tranquillity and unanimity to his distracted empire, and carried the seat of war into the very bowels of those lawless powers that had so daringly began their direful ravages and bloodshed—where War, Discord, and Death now walk hand in hand.

SONG V.

The Ravages of War.

TUNE—“*Hark! the sound of the drum.*”

HERO Mars is the god
 That's ready at your nod,
 To deeds both valiant and glorious:
 So powerful's his arm,
 He fears no alarm;
 All nations proclaim him victorious.

When tumults arise
 To decide whose the prize,
 I'm call'd in to quell the contentious ;
 Then with cannon I thunder,
 Whilst the world's struck with wonder
 At my leaving the field so victorious.

Thus the universe to me
 Is no more than a flea,
 In comparison to strength so notorious ;
 For if terror wont do,
 Death then must ensue ;
 That's the way Mars comes off so victorious.

The God of War was immediately succeeded by Concordia, the goddess of Peace ; who arose, with all the splendor and dignity of an eastern princess : she was attended by Felicitas, the goddess of Happiness ; and Plutus, the god of Riches : when, having paid her respects in the most graceful manner, and, presenting an olive branch, she addressed the assembly as follows :—

“ Most benign and pacific Gods, Rumour had informed me, long before I reached the world, of the deplorable condition of its inhabitants. All commerce was at a stand ; and nothing but rapine, murder, and devastation stared every one in the face. Prayers and petitions were, daily and hourly, devoutly offered up in

every place of worship, whether Christian or Pagan, throughout the vast universe, for my safe arrival and continuance. ‘Peace! peace!’ they cried, ‘may the Gods grant us peace on any terms!’ I soon discovered that all this fervor of supplication, and interestedness, arose in consequence of one Buonaparte, a bold enterprising Corsican adventurer, who had raised himself from an humble state to great arbitrary power; so that he not merely menaced, but was endeavouring to subjugate, the whole world—as nothing short of universal empire would content him. Vast nations, that had been mighty kingdoms and principalities, groaned under his cruel tyranny and oppression. At length his ambition and intolerance reached its summit, and became his woful downfall. Thanks to brother Mars for his valour, penetration, and philanthropy; for he was not to be cajoled and deceived by him any longer, though he made use of all the little arts he was master of to impose upon him; for he instantly saw what his intentions were, and therefore determined to defeat his purpose. Accordingly, on the ever-memorable plains of Waterloo, he abandoned his mighty host, and went over to the arms of the brave and valiant Wellington, and his faithful followers, just at the moment when he thought the palm of victory was about to crown him and his murdering marauders with immortal glory. As the Gods deserted Sisero, never to rise again, so he left him, for a time, to utter scorn and derision, to prolong his misery and despair. At this critical moment, I put the *coup de gras* to all his future prospects of ambition—by tempting him to flee to Bellerophon for succour; who wafted him, on his winged courser, prisoner to

Neptune's mighty castle ; where blustering winds and roaring seas continually unite to lash its adamantine walls—where Hope never comes, that comes to most : but there to pine away the remainder of his languishing days, for a fool, in spleen and anguish—as a warning to all posterity, and future tyrants, who may attempt to follow his career.—A friend he might have made me ; but as he, maugre, despised my love, and was my mortal enemy ; my peace I took from him, and gave it to the brave that prize my worth, with happiness and wealth. Thus the hardy veteran returns, rejoicing, to his native home in peace.

SONG VI.

The Return of Peace.

TUNE—" *O'er the meadows, o'er the moor.*"

THE hero, tired of War's alarms,
Returns triumphant from clash of arms,
Where thundering canons cease,
To embrace me with paternal joy ;
As din of war no more annoy
His happiness and peace.

The anxious wife, and children dear,
Rejoice, awhile the trickling tear
Falls from each lovely face,

To receive their father in their arms,
 Who's now return'd from war's alarms
 To everlasting peace.

With drums and trumpets I'm usher'd in,
 And heralds proclaim me as their king,
 For making war to cease ;
 While they dance and sing from morn to night,
 With harmony and sweet delight,
 For having a glorious peace.

By me Joy reigns throughout the world ;
 The sword is sheath'd—the flag is furl'd—
 And War's dire ravage cease ;
 Whilst health, and wealth, and length of days,
 Crown every valiant warrior's bays
 With happiness and peace.

The Goddess of Peace was immediately succeeded by Bacchus, the jolly god of Wine ; who, though a beardless youth, appeared to be so fat and bloated, he could hardly stand on his feet, or see out of his eyes, for his red swollen cheeks ; yet there was a vast deal of extreme good nature, whimsicality, and wit, about him, and his whole *tout ensemble* bespoke a jocular, merry fellow : and, indeed, I was not mistaken in my conjecture, the moment I heard his satirical hu-

morous tongue. He was supported by his two gay pot-companions, Comus, the god of Laughter ; and Momus, the god of Raillery ; when, looking around with self-importance, “ Brother rosy tippling Gods,” said he, “ you perceive I am more than half seas over, and I am sure you will not only excuse it, but say it is not to be wondered at, when you have heard my story ; for, really, it is next to a miracle I have the pleasure of seeing you this night. As the world is grown so exceeding fond of the juice of the grape, particularly since my last trip, that it is surprising I found my way back again ; having lived like a prince every day, since my absence : for so very desirous are its inhabitants of my company and those of my companions, that we have never been at a loss for an engagement the whole time ; as there is not an entertainment given, even from the king to the voluptuous citizen, that we do not preside at ; so that we rule the roast in all societies where mirth and good cheer are going forward. Nothing is now done for the benefit of the public weal, unless preceded by a grand cabinet carousal. No suit at law prospers, without I am consulted ; nor any divine ever climbs to a mitre, if he does not pay devotion to the bottle, as well as the church. But the finest and choicest fellows in the world for good living, are your rich fat cits of the east. O ! it would have done your hearts good, brother Gods, had you been there to have seen in what a glorious style of boosing we kept it up, this day, at my Lord Mayor’s feast—how we pushed the claret and champagne about, and the jollity and glee that sparkled in every one’s eye ; and but for a lucky incident which liberated us, we should have been there to this moment. But it so hap-

pened, about the latter end of the banquet, his Lordship was so overcome with the fatigues of the evening, from the peculiar attention he had paid to the pleasures and comforts of his illustrious visitors and friends, that, whilst a celebrated civic orator was on his legs, returning thanks for the high and distinguished honor the assembly had conferred on him in drinking his health; he eulogized so much, and expatiated so long, on the wealth, commerce, prosperity, and happiness of the most magnanimous, unrivalled city in the world; that not only the company began to yawn, but his Lordship sunk into the arms of Somnus, and so we stole away."

SONG VII.

The Effects of Wine.

TUNE—"Mrs. Casey."

I AM jolly Bacchus, god of Wine,
 That crown each night with pleasure :
 The world do homage at my shrine,
 In profusion, without measure.
 Dull care I wipe from mortals' brow,
 Whatever be their ills ;
 And there's not a soul on earth I know,
 But love my liquid pills.
 Thus the flowing bowl
 Inspires each soul,

Whilst the toast and joke intwine ;
 The songs resound,
 All sorrow's drown'd,
 By jovial bucks—in wine.

My shrine all ranks, with adoration,
 Hail each festive day ;
 But those who lull in contemplation,
 Their foolish lives away :
 Like misers or astronomers,
 Who, were they but to taste
 My wine, would damn their gold and stars
 For being such senseless beasts.
 For the flowing, &c.

The Beggar thinks himself a king ;
 The Fop a monkey turns ;
 The Buck for pranks is just the thing ;
 The Coward's bosom burns ;
 The Usurer's sordid mind is lost ;
 The Quack forgets his fee ;
 The Farmer fears no nipping frost,
 But drowns all care in glee.
 Thus the flowing, &c.

Thus every one I actuate ;
 But most beyond their station ;

Whilst some with deeds I stimulate,
 Of glory for the nation ;
 So now let's sing, long live the king,
 And ev'ry cheerful fellow,
 That ne'er, like us, forgets the spring
 That makes us always mellow.
 Thus the flowing, &c.

The god of Wine was next succeeded by Pitho, the goddess of Eloquence ; who arose, with vast dignity in her mien, a sharp keen eye, like a hawk, and a tongue that would wheedle with the devil. Aspasia, a famous rhetorician ; and Ulysses, of renowned consummate wisdom, were her attendants. When, having gracefully made her obeisance to the throne, she addressed the learned synod as follows :—

“ Most brilliant, oratorical Gods, it gives me great pleasure to inform you, I am held in such high estimation in the world, that my assistance and influence is universally sought after, and admired by all ranks and degrees in life. Even the tinker engages me, if he can afford the expence to send his son to college, however illiterate he may be himself ; because, forsooth, Master Dickey shall be educated and brought up a gentleman ; so that, whether he turns out a scholar or not, he possesses sufficient impudence, too frequently, to despise his over-fond and indulgent parent, for his vulgarity

and ignorance. As Dick's feelings are so acute, and his ideas grown so refined and enlarged, his old father then becomes burdensome to him, as he is not fit company for a gentleman to associate with. There is likewise the dashing sprig, or booby of high birth and expectations: he goes to college for form's sake; and afterwards makes the tour of Europe, under the appearance of my patronage and instruction, to finish his studies. But it is all mere ceremony, to give effect; for in reality he returns the finished coxcomb, black-leg, and debauchee; having only the externals of learning in his head; which, upon a cursory observance, will be found to consist of frothy volubility, made up of superficial bits and scraps of Latin and Greek which he knows nothing of: as to etymology, not even so much as a country school-master. So that we have a great plenty of these fellows, these would-be Socrates and Demosthenes. I have, therefore endeavoured to distinguish between genuine merit and upstart pretenders to it, and reward it with my most cordial support; for whenever I have found a gem, however latent or remote, I never let it remain in a dormant or inactive state; but have always brought it forth to the world in due season. This has produced the many shining characters (to adorn the senate, the pulpit, and the bar) the universe has to boast of. At the same time I have laboured hard to steer between the two extremes, namely—not to over-educate the world; for if all mankind possessed the same qualifications and accomplishments of mind, no one would be found to do a domestic or menial office for another; and thus the world would fall into a second state of chaos."

SONG VIII.

Conceit.TUNE—" *Dorothy Dump.*"

A FLOWERY tongue
 Like a bell goes ding dong,
 So flippant and easy it pass ;
 But unless wit and sense
 Intwine, it's nonsense,
 And the braying is just like an ass.

The fool bellows out,
 And makes a great rout,
 And talks mighty big, in his glass,
 Of his sense and his wit,
 Though the devil a bit
 Can be found in so stupid an ass.

Philosophers boast
 Of their sense ; though a post,
 In a senate or seminary, pass
 Full as well as those sages,
 Who scoff at all ages,
 And set the world down for an ass.

Now if you would be wise,
 And I may advise,
 Mind this maxim—you'll assuredly pass :
 Never let your tongue walk
 Too fast in your talk,
 And you'll never be counted an ass.

The goddess of Eloquence having resumed her seat, was succeeded by Cupid, the amorous god of Love : but he, being rather a bashful boy, was accompanied and supported by his mother, Venus, the blooming goddess of Beauty ; and his brother, Hymen, the god of Marriage. He appeared quite a ruddy, chubby, dimple-cheeked, artless boy, (not much unlike Peter, the wild youth,) with his quiver at his back, and his bow in his hand : and though the world says he is blind, I never beheld a finer pair of eyes : and from the powerful auxiliaries that were with him, he soon threw off the mask, and became more playful, confident, and familiar ; when, bowing to the assembly, in a soft and effeminate tone of voice, he thus addressed them :

“ Most enchanting and transporting Gods, I doubt not but you will expect to hear I have had great success, and an excellent time of it, with the love-sick devotees of the universe ; but I can assure your Godships, the order of things is wonderfully changed to what they formerly were. Though my name is in as great repute and circulation in the world as ever, yet my powers are sadly prostituted and perverted from their original pur-

pose and design :—for now it is not virtue, strict propriety, and honorable alliance, that is courted, adored, and desired ; but almost every one follows the bent of his own wishes, as his propensity or inclination leads him. There are, to be sure, some few over-fond fools, now and then, that pay adoration to Hymen's altar, for love's sake ; but where a circumstance of that kind takes place, tens of thousands occur daily of an opposite character and complexion. I used to be prized and idolized as their choicest angel ; but now I am obliged, by mortals, to do all kind of drudgery and dirty work for them, and yet not apparently so to the eyes of the world ; and I am also abused and villified into the bargain. One calls me a sly devil ; another, a bewitching devil ; a third, a treacherous devil, and such-like names—that, in the mind I am in, I am almost tempted to swear never to visit the universe again, as there is scarce any sincerity or disinterested love now to be found amongst mankind."

SONG IX.

The Pleasures of Love.

TUNE—" *Jack at the windlass.*"

LOVERS call me sweet little Cupid,
 And praise my beauty and parts ;
 Though there's never a soul now so stupid,
 But knows the effect of my darts.

Old and young I inspire the same ;
 Though in choice not always alike :
 Some love honor—some riches—some fame ;
 Some beauty, some pleasures delight :
 Thus I revel all day and night long,
 With Bacchus, Venus, Plutus, and Mars :
 But Hymen's no more than a song,
 With the world, than a rush-light's a star.

A King loves power and fame ;
 A Cobler loves comfort and ease ;
 A Courtier, to catch all he can ;
 A Physician, to finger the fees ;
 A Maid, to get rid of a jewel ;
 A Nun, her's to save, slits her lip ;
 A Savage delights to be cruel ;
 An Heiress gives *guardy* the slip.
 Thus I revel, &c.

The Glutton loveth his belly ;
 The Coquet, beauty and shape ;
 The Critic appears wise, though silly ;
 The Fool loves his tongue for to prate ;
 The Sportsman, his dog and his gun ;
 The Coward to bluster and swear ;
 The Rustic loves humour and fun ;
 The sharper all the world to ensnare.
 Thus I revel, &c.

The Musician loves flattery and praise ;
 The Dancing Master capers and twirls ;
 The poor Poet loves whim all his days ;
 The Hero, the flag to unfurl ;

The Divine loves translation and tithes ;
 The Farmer a plentiful crop ;
 The Jew loves a good season'd pie ;
 And the Thief loves all but the drop.
 Thus I revel, &c.

The Traveller distant climes loves to traverse ;
 The Cit lovés staying at home ;
 The Fop goes for fashions to Paris ;
 The Buck drives his buggy 'bout town ;
 The Tar loves the roaring main ;
 The Miser's soul is his pelf ;
 The Warrior loves a great name ;
 In fact, every one loves—himself.
 Thus I revel, &c.

Mnemosyne, the goddess of Memory, next followed the little god of Love, attended by Menostho, a nymph of unbounded recollection ; and Phaeton, the rash son

of Sol. She appeared so exceedingly absorbed in thought, as she arose to address the Gods and pay her respects, that I really imagined she would have said nothing that evening ; but I was agreeably surprised, when I heard her commence her narrative, by saying,—

“ Most profound and ruminating Gods, so extremely whimsical and changeable is the mind and imagination of man, that the faculty of recollection of what little remains in the world, is quite altered from that disinterested sincerity and cordiality which characterized and united all ranks and degrees, nations and kindreds, in the silken bonds of humanity and friendship : for now, not a vestige of recollection exists, but where interest is concerned. Thus all the base and sordid passions of the human heart are brought continually into action ; the main-springs of which are avarice, revenge, malice, envy and retaliation : which bad passions are always uppermost on every occasion, in most men’s thoughts, to take vengeance on their adversary, or set the world on fire by their feuds and folly. Whereas, were mankind to consider the heartfelt satisfaction they would experience, were they to perform the benign and heavenly office of philanthropy—to alleviate the widow and the orphan’s wants and sufferings—to cheer and heal the broken heart—and, finally, by being the peace-maker between man and man, restore again the golden age : but, alas ! I found, with all my exertions to produce so desirable an end, they were so incorrigible, I was still remote from my purpose ; as they possessed no sense of feeling one towards the other ; and, as such, I left them, with all their evil manners and customs, to their inevitable fate.”

SONG X.

Reflection.TUNE—" *Desponding Negro.*"

WERE mankind to reflect they are all fickle men,
 Possessing the same passions, and in folly a-kin ;
 Then the lofty would humble, and not be so proud,
 And Fame their great worth with joy sound aloud ;
 Let health, peace, and plenty, crown their happy days.

Then the Rake would reform, and mend his past ways,
 And the Miser no longer would hoard his soul's praise ;
 Or the Trader, or Planter, like a savage would smite
 His poor Negro brother, because he's not white ;
 But health, peace, & plenty, would crown their happy days.

The Spendthrift no longer would by vice go astray ;
 Or the juvenile Gamester be to black-legs a prey ;
 But solidity would each disposition assuage ;
 And reflection, in time, make the libertine sage :
 Thus health, peace, & plenty, would crown each happy day.

Then all ranks and degrees would reflect that old Time,
 Was swift on the wing, as youths' vigour decline ;

That old age, like a moment, soon came to pass ;
 Would mind their wild lives, ere Time turned his glass :
 Thus health, peace, & plenty, would crown each happy day.

The goddess of Memory was instantly succeeded by Aurora, the goddess of the Morn, attended by Agenoria, the goddess of Industry, and Salus, the rosy goddess of Health. She arose, indeed, most angelically to pay her respects to the throne ; bedecked with all the colours of the rainbow, but more brilliantly resplendent around her lovely head ; her breath as she spoke, to address the royal court, (which she did with great pathos,) diffused heavenly perfumes.

“ Most ethereal and divine Gods,” said she, “ be it known to you, I no sooner begin to re-visit the world, and unbar the gates of light, than the sable veil of night, flies swift before me, like a mist, and all nature is gay. Sol mounts his glorious chariot, and proceeds on his daily journey around the mighty globe, to re-animate and invigorate the vegetable kingdom ;—the dew-drops disperse from off Flora’s charming bower ;—the sweet warbling lark soars aloft on airy pinions light, to sing his matin song ;—the sprightly horn calls the sportsman to the chase ;—the dairy nymph, with ruddy cheek and nimble heel, goes briskly on to milk her kine ; whilst the whistling ploughboy drives his team a-field. Meantime, the drowsy inhabitants of each town and village begin to bestir themselves in their various occupations or pleasures, like bees that swarm. To be brief :

'tis me that gives life and animation to all mankind. I cheer their drooping hearts, and give them health and spirits to pursue, with indefatigable industry, their respective pursuits. How grateful, then, ought man to be to Heaven, for the inestimable gift of light—the smiling rosy morn!—without which, industry would be at an end, and the world no longer exhibit its salubrious and enchanting appearance; but all would be one universal blank.”

SONG XI.

The Rosy Morn.

TUNE—“ *Batchelor's Hall.* ”

No sooner dawn peeps, than the new-born day
Invites the whole world, without further delay,
To partake of its riches, the pearl of the morn;
Ere Phœbus dissolve it from off the rough thorn.
Come, ye slothful, ye gay, ye merry and wise,
You'll have health, rosy health, which excels ev'ry prize,
For your pains; see the rustics that trudge through the vale,
Or the sportsman's blithe visage—there's few half so hale.

The hounds in full cry, make the vallies to ring,
While the sweet-warbling larks in the atmosphere sing;
Or the ploughman is chanting a rough roundelay,
As he strides o'er the clods to his Queen of the May.

Come ye, &c.

The warrior rejoices in the morn to attack
 The bold daring foe, if he makes him fall back ;
 Or Miss, who by *guardy* is closely confined,
 If the farrier, at Gretna, the lovers safe bind.

Come ye, &c.

The lawyer and doctor know no pleasures like these ;
 Their principal pleasure's to finger the fees ;
 Or the rakes, that in riot and debauchery roll ;
 Or the muckworm, whose dross is hid in his soul.

Come ye, &c.

Thus having describ'd you the pursuits of mankind ;
 Though there's plenty I know that are still left behind ;
 But those, like the rest, little pleasure enjoy,
 Being pent up in cities—health's bane and alloy.

Come ye, &c.

Vertumnus, the god of Spring, next followed the goddess of the Morning: he arose with a cheerful and animating countenance, that denoted the glow of health and vigor of youth, supported by Flora, the goddess of Flowers; and Pan, the chief of the rural deities; when, having paid his respects in a rustic style, he thus began:—

“ Most rural and renovating Gods, as soon as I make my appearance to the world, all nature rejoices at my

approach : the trees put forth their variegated foliage and enlivening blossoms, and the verdure of the earth is bespangled with delightful flowers ; the little innocent lambs skip and play, and the heart of the shepherd is glad ; whilst the feathered songsters' carol their melodious notes to my praise throughout every village and grove. Agriculture now commences her laborious task for the benefit of man ; the lads and lasses, with garlands, celebrate my arrival by rural sports and dances upon the green : even the poor sweep, to show his gratitude and joy, is dressed like a 'squire of higher degree. The men in office, and the men of fashion, now whirl off and eagerly quit the smoky town for the charms and sweets of the country—the one to dissipate the heavy ennui of mental fatigue—the other to recruit health, enervated in Circe's cup of Pleasure : whilst the sober citizen, with his family, goes by the steamer, to take a dip in Neptune's bath. The gardens now teem with the most delicious marrow of the vegetable kingdom ; whilst Flora unites her powers, not only to please the eye, but regale the olfactory nerve with her odorific and beautiful bouquets. Pan brings up the rear, and crowns the summit of their bliss with the bewitching melody of his reeds. In short, unless man were entirely divested of gratitude for the innumerable gifts which Heaven perpetually showers upon him, how happy ought he to be !—his heart should dilate with joy, and his eye sparkle with delight, when Nature has so bountifully lavished her choicest stores to charm every sense—

And make him ev'ry year to sing
The beauties of the coming Spring.

SONG XII.

The Cheerful Spring.TUNE—" *Spanking Jack.*"

MANKIND is as glum and as stupid as asses,
 As though, Atlas-like, the world was on their back,
 Till Vertumnus appears ; when the rejoicing surpasses
 A king's coronation for splendor and eclat.
 With music and dancing they welcome him in ;
 And every eye is glad to behold
 The lovely green enchanting Spring
 Succeed old hoary Winter's cold :
 Thus all nature looks gay ;
 The birds sing and play ;
 And ev'ry heart its joy doth unfold.

No longer the stag flies wretched forlorn,
 Or poor puss from the copse starts forth in a fright ;
 The rabbit and partridge lay snug in the corn ;
 All basking with joy and excess of delight ;
 Whilst the nightingale sweet warbles forth her rich song,
 To enrapture the soul of the young lovely swain.
 Or the herdsman, while driving his cattle along,
 Chants blithe his rough lay to fair Kate of the plain.
 Thus all nature is gay ;
 The birds sing and play ;
 And ev'ry heart its joy doth proclaim.

The blossoms of May soon bring forth their fruit ;
 And fragrant flowers the earth does adorn ;
 The shepherd, while tending his flock, plays his lute
 To the merry hay-makers who dance round the thorn.
 Thus man, if he enjoys sweet peace of mind,
 Is bless'd to excess in Paradisiacal wealth—
 With every luxury for nature combin'd,
 With gay Spring, gives the world the enjoyments of health.
 Thus every heart
 Its bliss doth impart,
 That relishes pure nature in preference to pelf.

The god of Spring was no sooner re-seated, than Pomona, the goddess of Fruits and Autumn arose, attended by Ceres, the goddess of Harvest ; and Mellona, the goddess of Honey. She appeared to have lived on the fat of the earth ; her whole person being one composition of corn, wine, and oil ; when, having made her obedience, she spoke as follows :—

“ Most paternal and bountiful Gods, my appearance in the world is anxiously looked for every year, by all mankind ; as their subsistence and existence depends entirely upon my will and pleasure. What are the perfections and qualifications of Winter, Spring, and Summer, to compare to my pretensions in the eyes of its inhabitants ? Not so much as a grain of sand to the globe. No sooner is my arrival known to the grand universe, than the farmer's heart leaps for joy, to see his yellow

fields wave with plenty, and his orchards and gardens swell with most delicious fruits : even the industrious bee, who has toiled hard all the Summer, to extract from every flower of the valley its balsamic sweets, yields up to man the produce of her labour. The huntsman's bugle horn now winds with unremitted ardour, whilst the bold stag, fox, or timid hare, flies in all directions from the cry of the hounds. The poor birds, quaking with fear, hide themselves in every bush and break, from the ravages of the fowler ; who, with his brother sportsmen, returns triumphantly with the spoils of the field, to the squire's carousing box :—there smokes the glorious haunch, and all is jollity, wit, and glee ; assisted by Sir John Barleycorn and his potent companions, Cyder and Perry. Thus like jolly Bacchanals, with spirits light and gay, they dispel the shades of night, till lovely Phœbus calls them from the festive board, to renew the chase again. What then can compare to the sweets of delicious Autumn, when she showers from her cornucopia on exhausted Nature the riches of her store, and crowns with peace and plenty the cottage door ?”

SONG XIII.

Delicious Autumn.

TUNE—“ *Sweet Robinet.*”

As soon as dame Autumn descends from the sky,
 All nature rejoices her approach is so nigh ;
 The heart of mankind is elated with glee,
 To see all his toil crown'd with plenty by me.

The antler'd fleet stag now flies from the copse ;
 Or the timorous hare, or bold cunning fox ;
 Yet though for a time afore the hounds head the field,
 In the end their sad lives must to the sport yield.

The poor frightened partridge, like a maid, flies from harm
 To some remote vale, or far distant barn,
 From the aim of the fowler, who takes great delight
 To kill all the birds in amusement—not spite.

The farmer prepares a rich harvest feast,
 To regale all his workmen like kings of the East ;
 Not forgetting his neighbours, who rejoice, dance, & sing,
 Success to Pomona as well as their king.

Thus the summer, tho' sweet, can with menought compare;
 Nor shape, wit or beauty, though ever so fair ;
 For I fill each happy heart with joy from my store,
 And make the soul glad—can your Godships do more ?

The goddess of Autumn was succeeded by Atlas, the mighty god of Strength ; who was accompanied by his two gallant robust companions, Hercules and Perseus. His stature was the most gigantic and powerful that conception can paint, or imagination conceive.

When, bowing profoundly to the assembly, with stentorian lungs he spoke as follows :—

“ Most mighty and wonderful Gods, at the period when I first visited the world, the race of men were giants, renowned for war, for wisdom, and valiant heroes from their youth. It was no uncommon exploit in those days, for a handful of men putting a whole army to flight ; and it is on record, of one man slaying a thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass ; and of another, whose soul was bigger than himself, killing an enormous giant with a stone. But now that heroic and marshal-like spirit is extinct, or changed in the world, for the worse : for the race of mankind, in general, is degenerated into mere boisterous bravadoes, or insignificant effeminate fops ; who have the arrogance to think themselves all-sufficient in their vain ideas, and that they require no assistance from me—supposing their strength and valour consists in the situation of life they have had the good fortune to possess ; such as noble hereditary descent, or vast wealth ; when, in reality, they have no pretensions to either distinction from their own merit ; but those high honors and large fortunes have fallen to them by mere accident of birth, without the least superiority in talent, or exertion of faculty.—There was a warrior in Queen ———’s reign, who, by his valiant prowess, raised himself to princely rank ; but his descendants now possess nothing of his high military attainments and immortalized glory ; and are only known from the rest of mankind by the name, title, and domains. Thus I leave your Godships to judge of the state of the universe at present ; as its inhabitants depend more on their own arts and cunning, as the prin-

cial source of strength to carry them through the world than magnanimous and heroic deeds."

SONG XIV.

Every one's Bulwark.

TUNE—"O lord, what a place is a camp!"

THOUGH I inspire mankind with strength,
 Brother Mars with it nought has to do ;
 Yet every one goes his length,
 But at fighting they look rather blue.
 Their principal might is their vice,
 And bulwark of country or port.
 Thus in manners they're not very nice,
 For folly's their general forte.

Sing fol de doll, &c.

The Englishman's strength's wooden walls ;
 The Irishman's, swamps and bogs ;
 The Welchman's high hills exceed all ;
 The Frenchman's, soup meagre and frogs ;
 The Spaniard's, gold and rich mines ;
 The Scotchman's, crowdy and clans ;
 The Turk's, a seraglio divine ;
 The Dutchman's, hollands and dams.

Sing fol de doll, &c.

The Rich Man's strength is his purse ;
 The Poor Man's, labour and pains ;
 The Reprobate's is a curse ;
 The Malicious, his ends to obtain ;
 The Beau puts his strength in his dress ;
 The Parson, in livings and tithes ;
 The Widow, a new husband to press
 Her fair hand, and dry up her eyes.
 Sing fol de doll, &c.

The Glutton's strength is a dinner ;
 The Physician's strength is a fee ;
 The Religious bigot's a sinner ;
 The Bacchanal's, liqueur and glee ;
 The Conjuror's, lies and deception ;
 The Youth's in folly and whim ;
 Thus the world is full of defection,
 But Time makes them all very grim.
 Sing fol de doll, &c.

If I were them all to describe,
 I should have enough more to do :
 Let what's said suffice for the tribe ;
 I hope you will think so too.
 Were they but good maxims to mind ;
 Place their strength in great Jove, not themselves ;
 To vicissitudes of life be resigned ;
 They'd not be such wandering elves.
 Sing fol de doll, &c.

The god of Strength was immediately succeeded by Apollo, the sublime god of Music and Poetry. He appearing very young and handsome, and crowned with laurel: he had only his lyre with him, having laid aside his bow and arrows. His two musical brothers of great notoriety, Orpheus and Amphion, accompanied him when giving two or three enchanting touches on his harp, by way of prelude; at the same time gracefully bending in obeisance, he spoke as follows:—

“ Most harmonic and captivating Gods, since the unfortunate circumstance, the other day, in the which I fell under the displeasure of my royal parent, and was banished his benign presence for a time, I hope and trust, from the narrative I shall be able to give of my travels and success in the world, that he will be graciously pleased to reinstate me in his noble favor, and also in the good opinion of his magnanimous court; and it will be the study of my future life to merit the high condescension. You well remember, brother Gods, the tremendous and terrific fall I had—at least, I shall, as long as I exist. The welkin resounded like thunder, and the globe shook and quaked again. At first, I thought it was my father’s vengeance pursuing me: but I soon recovered from my panic, when I found myself safe landed on *terra firma*. Being convinced the echo and vibration proceeded from the velocity with which I passed through the airy region. Well, I had the good fortune (for such I must express it) to alight in a rude uncouth part of the world, amongst people of very simple habits and manners, whose principal occupation consisted in husbandry, and attending on cattle. At

first, no one would have any thing to say to me, but stared with astonishment and fled :—and, indeed, well they might, when they saw me drop from the clouds. I begged, petitioned, and implored ; but all to no purpose : at last, I bethought myself of my last and only resource—the charm and power of music over the human mind. I took my instrument, and played with all my skill, accompanying it with my voice. The effect it had was wonderful : their fears, by degrees, vanished, and they approached me closer and closer ; and in a few minutes I made them all dance like mad. The tidings of this extraordinary phenomenon flew like lightning into the villages ; from the villages to the towns ; from the towns to the cities ; and in a short time all over the world : so that I was obliged to send for my brothers, to assist me in my great undertaking. Our fame spread far and wide. It was, who could engage us most : and I am happy to say, our labours have been crowned with complete success : for we have not only harmonized, but we have been the means of civilizing the greater part of the globe. Every nation now has its peculiar music and native airs ; which soothe their cares, and makes them all happy : and they bless the hour that chance threw me amongst them—for, say they, Music speeds the plough ; softens the obdurate heart ; and lulls to rest the stormy passions of the soul. I therefore flatter myself the history I have related of my late exile, will have the felicity to convince your Godships how much I have the true interest and welfare of his Majesty at heart, and again restore me to his paternal arms.”

SONG XV.

*The Power of Music.*TUNE—" *When William, at Ewe.*"

WHAT mortal or God can resist Music's charms,
 When even the savage rock or oak
 Is roused by its note like a soldier to arms,
 When enemies his country provoke ?
 Thus Music, you see, animates the dull soul
 To courage, to pleasure, or love ;
 Like divine inspiration from Jove.

The heart of mankind from sorrow's made glad,
 If I touch but a note on my lyre ;
 The lover rejoices, though ever so sad ;
 Or the clown to his heart's desire.

Thus, &c.

Though Music hath charms no one can resist,
 Yet it actuates different ways :
 For some it lulls to perpetual rest,
 And some it torments all their days :
 Thus Music, you see, animates every soul
 To pain, to pleasure, or love,
 Like divine inspiration from Jove.

Such wonders I'll do, shall astonish mankind,
 When the king of the world gives the word ;
 The moon turn to blood—the sun shall be blind—
 And all nature, though gay, be absorb'd.
 Thus, Music, you see, animates the whole world,
 To pain, to pleasure, or love,
 Like divine inspiration from Jove.

The dead shall be rais'd—the earth shall dissolve—
 And even the heavens shall shake ;
 When that awful day I do resolve
 By trump : how the nations will quake !
 Thus Music, you see, shall awake every soul
 To perdition, to pleasure, or love,
 Like divine inspiration from Jove.

The god of Music seemed to have given universal satisfaction, and was received again into royal favour with tumultuous acclamations. Next to him arose Priapus, the obscene god of Debauchery ; who at first sight appeared a gay, handsome, young fellow ; but upon a closer inspection, his visage bore evident marks of age ; being haggard, wrinkled, carbuncled, and flabby ; which had been hid under a thick mask of paint, contracted and accumulated from a long course of dissipation. He

was accompanied by two dissolute companions after his own heart—Lubentia, the goddess of Pleasure, and Bapta, the goddess of Shame; when—having paid his respects with much form and ceremony, and in a roving manner glanced his eyes on the ladies—in an effeminate voice he spoke as follows :—

“ Most lewd and voluptuous gods, at my entrance into the grand universe, I thought it most prudent to assume the name, character, and garb of pleasure, by way of taking off that odious and scurrilous epithet and stigma so frequently attached to my honorable profession, which mankind vulgarly call debauchery; for though mortals have the highest relish or inclination for my alluring pleasures, yet they do not like it to be thought so by the world, under the opprobrious appellation of debauchery. Thus, by the pleasing title of Pleasure, I gained access into the society of all ranks and degrees in life, and became the chief companion of kings and princes, down to the humble citizen. In this state of things I basked in excess of delight; rolling in the highest circles of fashion and dissipation—keeping the grandest equipages—wore the most sumptuous apparel and appendages—and lived on the choicest luxuries nature and art could produce. In this elevated sphere I turned night into day, and day into night; rising and breakfasting at noon, dining at midnight, and spending the evening whilst the more frugal and domestic part of the inhabitants, who were not dupes to my snares and attractions, were lulled in balmy repose. Thus I became the head of *haut ton*, and was the principal supporter of all places of entertainment and fashionable debauch. I introduced plays,

operas, balls, masquerades, and notorious pandemoniums; whose votaries having sacrificed oftentimes too freely at the shrine of Bacchus, became an easy prey to the systematic gambler. In fact I have carried on gallantry and intrigue to such a height of excess, that scarce one individual thinks or minds any thing of its baneful consequences, till it is too late to retrieve their shattered fortunes and debilitated health. But the world, even then, laughs at her own folly, and goes on in her old career of dissipation, regardless of her fate, not having the least shadow or sense of shame before her eyes."

SONG XVI.

Debauchery.

TUNE—" *Every inch a Sailor.*"

DEBAUCHERY of every kind
 Is now the *ton* with all mankind;
 With young and old, with rich and poor.
 This prevalent vice is grown so pure,
 That I roll in luxury and ease—
 Committing what excess I please
 On all the world I can seduce
 To Pleasure's whim; to play the deuce,
 And make them think they're not to blame,
 Because they've not one spark of shame.

In carriage gay I rove about,
 To opera, ball, or faro rout ;
 Or pass my time in beauty's bower,
 To kill the dull, slow, pensive hour.

Thus, &c.

Flash streets parade, while Bounce looks big,
 In whisky, currie, or gig ;
 And Squander spends throughout the town,
 To kick old Hunks's money down.

Thus, &c.

Thus half the world's so deprav'd of late,
 They'd swear and lie for lying's sake ;
 To traduce a neighbour, or deceive a friend ;
 As though their vice would have no end.

Thus, &c.

The god of Debauchery was immediately succeeded by Mercury, the light-fingered god of Thieves. He appeared a slim arch youth, well adapted for his profession ; and was attended by Harpocrates, the god of Silence, and sly double-face Janus ; when, paying his respects with a shrewd look, which expressed vast cunning, he said :—

“ Most juggling, double-face Gods, I am well aware you are up to all my tricks and thievish exploits, and

therefore it is of no use to endeavour to disguise them from you : and, as such, I shall put a bold face on the matter, (and the more so, as I am now your honorable messenger,) and tell you what influence and success I have had in the world since my departure. At first, I thought I should not be able to gain over one votary to my profession. As they were all so honest, or appeared to be so, I could make no impression upon them. At last, I hit upon a plan how to act, which had the desired effect : the first I attacked was a Tailor, who had sworn a solemn vow to Jupiter, never to purloin a bit of cabage : but I got the better of his conscience one day, as he was cutting out a remarkable fine piece of cloth, of real Spanish wool ; and the fellow has been a thief ever since. I then tried the Doctors : I soon got over their fine feelings ; for I whispered in Gallipot's ear, ' Kill the patient, and you can charge the executors just what you please.' I then turned me to the Law ; but I found (though I did not know it at the time) the major part of them had been most arrant thieves and rogues all their lives. I then bethought me of the Church ; but, as that is a dangerous and tender subject to touch on, I shall simply say, the Parsons did not thieve, because there was nothing for them to steal : but I diffused a vast deal of roguery amongst them, which answered the same purpose. I then turned my magical powers on the Fair Sex, and soon made them every thing to my mind I could wish or desire, namely—the greatest coquets and imposters in love, that can be imagined or conceived. They had such arts and contrivances to deceive, and steal the hearts and affections of their poor silly admirers that fell in love with them,

that they certainly must have been blind, not to see the deceptions practised on their credulity : for instead of a Venus, lovely and fair, the Goddess is a complete deception—a made-up doll, whose brilliant attractions and perfections are all borrowed, with the exception of her tongue, from the machinis dentist and tire-woman ; whose compositions she exhibits herself in ; such as false eyes, hair, teeth, complexion, bosom, hips, rump, and the Lord knows what besides, to the highest bidder ; who flatters himself he has got a divinity. But it would make your Godships crack your sides with laughter, to see these poor hood-winked devils the morning after their marriage, when they have discovered, to their great mortification and chagrin, only half a wife : they are ready to hang themselves, when they find this idol of their admiration has fallen down to the imbecile standard of mortality : so they have no one to blame but themselves for being such blind fools.—I therefore will not take up the time of the royal court longer ; but hope your Godships will give me credit for performing my duty to the fullest satisfaction ; as I have made the whole world one common jilt, that does nothing now but impose on one another.”

SONG XVII.

Duplicity.

TUNE—“ *Ye scamps, ye pads, ye divers.*”

I AM Mercury of renown, inspirer of thieves ;
Both high life and low do what my pleasure please :

The less by me gets greater—the great gets greater still :
Thus every one's so eager of the world to have their fill.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Statesman, the Lawyer, the Doctor and Divine,
Are as great rogues as any of the modern time ;
They impose on all the world with such sanctity of face,
Mankind are such dupes, they think they act with grace.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Beau cheats the Tailor—the Taylor cheats the Beau ;
Like Greek opposed to Greek, are wags alike we know :
The Prude treats her husband with a pair of horns ;
To mark him a doting fool, she soon his head adorns.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Adonis cheats the coquet, Miss Minx, her loving spark
By kissing her before-hand—he thinks it is his lark ;
Miss Forward cheats her *guardy*, while fast asleep in bed,
And the farrier the runaways, with a long bill for the wed.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Miser starves himself to death to hoard up all his wealth
While others leave no stone unturn'd to rob him of his pelf ;
Perhaps his son and heir, to get his father's soul,
Would send him to the devil without the least control.

With my tol de doll, &c.

The Highwayman so bold, of all others on the lay,
 Robs more honourable than all, tho' his life so frequent pay;
 Much more than pads and divers, and crackers of a house,
 Though in their operations are as quiet as a mouse.

With my tol de doll, &c.

Thus mankind throughout the world are all alike intent
 On cozening each other, whenever chance present:
 To do it with a grace, that the deuce can't find it out,
 They bless their happystars, and cry, 'What a lucky bout!'

With my tol de doll, &c.

The light-fingered God was immediately succeeded by Vulcan, the god of Celestial and Terrestrial Fires. He appeared such an ugly, ill-shaped, black-looking personage, that I wondered in myself how it were possible Jupiter could ever find in his heart to dub such a lump of deformity a deity: but when I reflected he was one of his spurious numerous offspring, it accounted for it. Vesta, the goddess of Fire, and Terror the god of Dread and Fear, attended him. I was, however, most agreeably surprised, though his aspect was in no way prepossessing; as he made ample amends for his deficiency in figure, when he addressed their Godships: for he spoke like an oracle, a speech so logical and profound, that commanded attention and awe. Having paid his respects to the royal court,—“Prodigious, ter-

rific, combustible Gods," said he, " the powers that your Godships have endowed me with, ought to make mankind rejoice, rather than unhappy, whenever I appear to them, if they give the subject the least consideration : as it is from me they derive all the necessities and comforts of life. I am the *primum mobile* of universal nature ; and without me, the world would be in a state of torpor, inactivity, and barrenness ; were I not to give her my vivifying and animating assistance, to propel her in her course, and give the regermination to vegetation ; indeed, the globe itself would be a perfect chaos ; and man, the noblest work of the Creator, could not exist, deprived of his chief element and stimulus. Yet so stupid is that animal, in general, that he seldom gives to those things, which most concern his vital interest, the least thought of their utility ; but is terrified to death if he beholds me in any formidable shape. I sometimes, not only by way of frightening, but also punishing him for his disregard and unbelief, set the heavens in a blaze, or blow up a city or two that lies in my way : and if it were not for a few of such exploits as these, I should never be known or acknowledged by them. There are, however, some small number of learned and scientific men, whose deep researches have penetrated into the very arcana of nature, to endeavour to enlighten the ignorant world by their experimental and practical knowledge in alchymy and natural philosophy, and display, from the various phenomena, the great benefits I bestow on earth, to make man happy ; that it is my power which has raised the fertile islands, with all their shady groves and crystal springs, the flowery meads, and all Nature's rich, ma-

jestic, grand, and stupendous productions—from the diamond that glitters in the monarch's crown, to the lofty rock, whose towering head touches the sky. Thus does man receive from Heaven, through me, that inestimable element, that incomprehensible soul, Fire ; which animates and invigorates the mighty universe—man's paradise on earth."

SONG XVIII.

Wonder.

TUNE—" *Greenwich Pensioner.*"

WITH vivid flash and thunder
 Vulcan strikes the earth below,
 While all the nations wonder
 From whence the power flow ;
 Not thinking that 'tis natural,
 As ordain'd by Jove's decree ;
 But suppose it supernatural,
 From it's roar and velocity.

Mankind should be more wise,
 Than believe 'tis Jove that speaks,
 When thunders rend the skies,
 Or tremendous volcanos break.

Though awfully grand the sound,
 'Tis only to clear the air
 Of the noxious vapours found
 Hov'ring in the atmosphere.

Which if they are not dispell'd,
 How would gentle showers fall,
 To nourish the earth, and yield
 Its bounty to us all;
 Bringing forth herbs, fruits, and flowers;
 Bestowing rosy health
 On Nature's lovely bowers—
 Man's happiness and wealth.

Thus if the world, like astronomers,
 Were to study the natural cause,
 They then, as true philosophers,
 Would meet with Jove's applause :
 Whose power orders every system,
 For the benefit of man,
 To revolve in regular succession
 Throughout the annual plan.

This incomprehensible brazen god of Fire and Thunder-bolts was immediately succeeded by Medea, a most noted sorceress. She was attended by two beautiful fe-

male companions, perfect divinities in appearance, named Circe and Bithyæ, that were as great mistresses in the art and mystery of Witchcraft as herself. I really thought, when her name and qualification, and those of her suit, were first announced, I should have seen a set of ugly, wrinkled old hags, full of acrimony and spleen; but, on the contrary, I was most agreeably surprised and delighted; for they formed a trio of beauty and elegance, that could not be surpassed by Juno, Venus, or Diana. Medea having paid her respects to the royal court, in a most graceful and engaging manner, addressed the assembly in a voice so truly enchanting and harmonious, that I found her magical power over me, irresistible.

“ Most surprising and bewitching Gods,” said she, “ so exceeding weak and superstitious is the intellect and imagination of man, that at my first entrance into the world no one would admit me into so much as a barn belonging to them, much less into their presence; under the absurd notion, that it was through me their cattle died; their pigs danced; their wives and daughters went astray; and children cast up crooked pins. So, to prevent or avert my diabolical power, as they foolishly thought it, they set up a horse-shoe at the threshold of every door; or laid two straws across, as a bar to my entering the house:—nay, even the birch broom was hid, to prevent my riding on it through the air. But latterly, mankind have thrown off those bigotted and ridiculous opinions, since the Cock-lane ghost and Stockwell apparition made their exits: though, in reality, I bewitch them a thousand times more than ever I did. For instance, the sedate religious de-

votee, whom you would suppose could not look a girl in the face, goes from home with a resolved determination to go to chapel; but in his way thither, he casts his eyes on some fascinating angelic creature that comes in his way: that instant his heart gets bewitched, and the chapel may be burnt for him, so long as he can obtain the object of his admiration. The beardless sprig of fashion and dissipation, goes to kill time at those notorious haunts of infamy and ruin, those newly sprung up club-houses, or gaming hells; where the vice of play, with all its train of concomitant horrors, is carried on to the acme of destruction, by every species of alluring infatuation. His luck gets bewitched; and before he leaves the table, not only his ready cash, but too frequently his fortune and life are lost; as by his folly and indiscretion he is driven to misery and despair. The valiant warrior thinks to conquer all before him, because of his vast and well-disciplined army: he comes to an engagement—unforeseen obstacles present themselves—his troops are bewitched, get dismayed, and either run away, or circumstances compel him to make a disgraceful treaty. The lawyer and physician will pretend their whole endeavour and professional skill is for the benefit of their respective clients or patients; but the real fact is, their principal aim is to bewitch the money out of the pockets of their too credulous dupes. Thus this one thing, money, is the devil, that actuates and bewitches all mankind:—but as there is no rule, they say, without an exception, I have one to mention, (which I think your Godships will all agree with me), that bewitches and captivates the senses and imagination of man to extacy of delight—raising his heart above

the power of sordid earthly attraction. Know, then, it is music—heavenly music : her charms, no power or mortal of intellectual sensibility, can resist. Strike up, then, my dear Apollo ! and let thy matchless harmonic band transport my soul to regions of bliss !”

SONG XIX.

Witchcraft.

TUNE—“ *Marlborough.*”

WITCHCRAFT, some time ago,
 Disturb'd the people so,
 I thought all mad would go
 To find a conjurer out.
 To be sure it would surprise,
 To see the dead arise ;
 Or ghosts and apparitions to talk ;
 Or barrels and clocks to walk ;
 Or broomsticks for to stalk
 The house all round about.

That was the age of wonder :
 But now that simple blunder
 Is entirely put under
 By conjurers more sage,

Who don't delude the throng
 With such an idle song ;
 Like those in former days,
 Who received unbounded praise,
 The devil to lay or raise,
 When the deuce a devil raged.

The Witchcraft of the times
 Is money, love, or wine ;
 That bewilders every mind
 Of conjurers of the day,
 Who scarce believe a God
 Exists—much less a hobgob ;
 Attributing all to Nature,
 As the source of every creature.
 That's all I can relate, sire,
 Of Witchcraft's wonderful sway.

Midas, who possessed that great and inestimable magnet of attraction, the philosopher's stone, immediately succeeded the goddess of Witchcraft : his aspect was a compound of gravity and frivolity ; but, with all his disguise, (for he wore an enormous Brutus,) he could not hide his ears, which protruded themselves through the sides of his wig, and were of a prodigious size : nevertheless, I found more sense and experience in him

than I had given him credit for. He was attended by the goddesses, Fortune and Envy ; and for this reason—because riches generally excite envy. Having with much formality paid his respects, he began as follows :—

“ Most scientific and mysterious Gods, it would give me great pleasure if, like Asmodeus, by drawing up the curtain of human life, I could exhibit to the sight of this royal court, at one view, the various ridiculous scenes which presented themselves in the world, to mine, of the extreme folly of mankind in their pursuit after the philosopher’s stone—to enrich themselves at once, without further trouble. I am sure your Godships would have been highly delighted at their futile attempts to obtain the secret, which you all know no know one possesses but myself—the power of transmuting every thing I touch to gold. For, after racking their brains, and sweating and toiling, day and night, over huge furnaces, to obtain their object, they were just as near at the year’s end as when they first began their experiments: so that my arrival was no sooner known on earth, than its inhabitants hailed it with great joy ; as they thought they should then soon become as wise and rich as myself: and it was, who could show me the greatest attentions and politeness, to get possession of this magical stone, had I been fool enough to comply with their desires. But, with all their pretended kindness and civility to gain on my good nature, I could plainly perceive it was to answer their own sordid ends, and not out of any love or regard towards my person. I therefore resolved to leave them in the blessed state of ignorance I found them in ; and to quit the

world immediately. This coming to the knowledge of the *posse comitatus*, by what means I know not; nor do I accuse any one: but I think Mercury must have had a hand in it, from what followed; for before I could make arrangements for my departure, numberless obstacles were thrown in my way to detain me, in order to get possession of this valuable jewel at any rate. But I was not to be bamboozled; and gave them to understand I was not the ass they took me for. At this rebuke, they, out of revenge, turned their thoughts to do something for themselves, by art and cunning, to produce the desired effect, and answer the same purpose: and, indeed, (to speak the truth, and give the devil his due,) they have succeeded far beyond either my expectation, or their own, to the very pinnacle of their ambition—for mankind is now grown wise, rich, fat, and luxurious, by the various methods, schemes and inventions they have adopted, and which they now unceasingly practise with all the energy and ingenuity they are masters of; superseding, in future, any further occasion for the magical power of the philosopher's stone."

SONG XX.

The Philosopher's Stone.

TUNE—"Mind, hussy, what you do."

PHILOSOPHERS, of every age
 Till late years, I've been told,
 Were never known sufficient sage
 To turn ev'ry thing to gold.

But now mankind so wise is grown,
 If you were but to walk the town,
 Or gad about to ball or rout,
 You'd find the sharp and cunning out;
 Who would trick and turn you in a trice,
 Though ever so wise or bold;
 And gain your credulity at their price,
 And turn it into gold.

The courtier fawns to gain his ends;
 The fop puffs off his shape;
 The muckworm scarce a penny spends;
 The black-leg looks sedate;
 The ladies, to play off their charms
 To the highest bidders, lovers' arms;
 Or ogle all at play or ball,
 To drain the purses of them all.
 Thus, like a bravo, every soul
 In the world is grown so bold,
 They'd sink you to the devil without control.
 To turn you into gold.

Philosophers are tigers now
 That prey on all mankind;
 For not an art or scheme they know,
 But flats are sure to find.

They practise every where, to drain
 The dupe's pocket of his golden grain,
 By whim, or pleasure, vice, or folly,
 The magnet to decoy poor simple Johnny :
 This is the stone philosophy,
 So mysterious to unfold,
 That gives the world such power, you see,
 Of turning all to gold.

The next that succeeded the god of Philosophy was Charon, the renowned ferryman of hell: he had a ruddy, chubby face; but rather indicating to ferocity and surprise; with a long, shaggy beard; and his limbs were much deformed and contracted, apparently from hard labour. He was attended by two well-known characters, named Ixion and Sisyphus; for whom, from motives of compassion, he had obtained from Pluto a cessation of toil on that day, by way of holyday. Having, in a very uncouth style, paid his respects to the court, he began as follows:—

“Most hard-worked and tormented Gods, it would be presumptuous in me to pretend to give, from my own personal knowledge, the smallest account of the state of the world; as my abode in it was of so short a duration: for my principal object in going thither, was merely as people go to the country, or watering places, for a little recreation and fresh air; so that the information I am enabled to lay before your Godships arises

more in the way of my profession, than from any occurrence that came under my observation during my stay. Having so much business on my hands, I was obliged to return, as soon as possible, to my employment: there I toil and drudge from morning to night, without the least intermission:—not but I well know it brings grist to my master's mill almost faster than he knows what to do with it, or where to stow the rubbish that is hourly pouring in upon him. Yet I recollect the epoch, when I have staid for a whole day together, and not had more than one fare all the time: but that was when true piety and virtue reigned throughout the world. So that master began to despair, seeing that his dominion, and power was likely to be at an end; and he instantly dispatched his diabolical emissaries all over the world, to spread the contagious flame of vice and irreligion as much as possible. Accordingly, they had not been long on earth, before they soon found out the extreme weaknesses and propensities of mankind—how easy they were to be led astray by the false representation of happiness and show of gaiety. So, availing themselves of the opportunity that presented itself, immediately set up, and opened, all kind of places of entertainment for the encouragement of vice, under the appellation of pleasure and pastime, as a relaxation from the cares of the world, to draw them from the path of virtue and rectitude. This had the desired effect; and in a short time nearly turned the heads of the whole mass of population, from sedateness and rationality to carelessness, bigotry, and folly: so that religion is now become a mere cloak, to impose on one another. Thus, in consequence of the power of Lucifer over the senses

and actions of mankind, by his bewitching spells, the shades and spirits of mortals come in such gluts, that I have frequently been in fear of my boat sinking. But what is most extraordinary, and makes me often very merry at their expence, is to see the consternation and grimace of my passengers; for they cannot believe their own eyes, even when they are in my wherry—still thinking they are on the road to heaven, and chattering so loud of their charity, piety, faith, virtue, and conscientiousness, and in fact all their good actions; but the devil a bit do you hear any thing of their bad ones—no, no, not a word: ‘Then,’ says I, ‘my good people, you have made a woful mistake, somehow or other;—this is the highway to hell, and not to heaven.’ At this, it would make an Egyptian mummy jump out of its skin, to see their affectation and surprise. Some pretend to be fainting; others are sea-sick; and some smell worse than a badger; and all at the thoughts of Tartarus for their past infernal actions, when they have been labouring so hard all their lives long to obtain so enviable and desirable a situation, by all the devilish pranks they could invent. However, I soon landed them, to their comfort and consternation, and put off again for more. ‘Egad!’ says I to myself, ‘I’ve a precious time of it—here is all the world and his wife a-coming! What! no cessation night nor day! Damme, I don’t know who the devil would be a devil, now-a-day.’ Mercy upon me, how the strand is thronged again with horrid spectres, and ghastly ghosts!—how my ears are stunned with the cry of, ‘Waterman! waterman!’ ‘Who are ye—who are ye, you ragamuffin crew?’ says I. We are devout Jews, Turks, Christians, Mahometans, Pa-

gans, Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Freethinkers, Jumpers, Quakers, Deists, &c. &c.’ ‘Aye, aye,’ says I, ‘I see what you all are : you are a set of damned atheists ;—you never believed there was a God, much less a devil : but I’ll be d——d if I dont soon bring you to old Lucifer himself—ha ! ha ! ha !’ This is the fatal end of all that do not attend to the commandments of Jove, and walk in the paths of virtue and truth !”

SONG XXI.

Ferryman.

TUNE—“*Fiddle a little.*”

OLD Charon tugs from morn to night
 Without the least intermission,
 To bring worldly sinners, in a fright,
 To hell with expedition,
 Before Beelzebub, their prince of sin,
 To suffer shame,
 Torment and blame,
 For vice he seduced them in,
 Against Jove, on high,
 Whom they defy,
 And set his laws at nought ;
 But now damn themselves
 For stupid elves,
 While I laugh to see them caught.

But Nick shews them the way,

Where soul and body pay

For every wicked sin :—

For lying a little—for swearing a little—

For cheating a little—for thieving a little—

For praying a little, and pimping a little—

To please their devilish whim.

'Twould make you stare to see what gluts

I every hour take over

Of Christians, Jews, Turks, and hypocrites,

And some that's ne'er one nor the other.

They hail my boat with such a toss,

And grimace and leer,

With ghastly air,

As I ferry them across :

Then down below

They headlong go,

Ne'er more to rise again ;

But gnash their teeth,

For disbelief,

With everlasting pain :

But Nick soon shows the way

Where, &c.

If you were there this sight to see,

'Twould make your blood run cold ;

Which I pray to Jove may never be,

For Indian mines of gold ;

For if mankind were to consider

What's vice or pleasure,

Or the richest treasure,

To endless flames for ever,

To be lash'd and scourg'd

By fiends immerg'd

In perdition's dreadful woe ;

Rejected by Heaven,

Ne'er to be forgiven,

For being Heaven's foe.

Thus vice leads to the way,

Where soul and body pay

For every wicked sin :—

For lying, &c.

Charon, the ferryman, having resumed his seat, was immediately succeeded by Æolus, the god of the Winds. He appeared a most powerful deity, and next in consequence and state to Jupiter himself. Neptune, the mighty god of the Ocean ; and Vibilia, the goddess and protectress of Wanderers, attended him ; when, having paid his respects to the throne, in a voice that broke on the ear like peals of thunder, though with great affability in his demeanour, addressed the august assembly as follows :

“ Most noble Gods, rulers of the elements and passions of man, on my entrance into the grand universe, I found mankind so extremely whimsical and capricious in their dispositions and imaginations, that I could compare them to nothing so much as to the element his Majesty has been pleased to give me the prerogative and control over. Nay, they even exceed the winds in changeability, by such sudden gusts of irregularity, that you would swear, at times, they were mad. For let the mind of man be ever so tranquil and serene, enjoying all the happiness and pleasure his heart can desire, or the world bestow—yet, in one moment, without the least preparatory for the turn of a straw, his passions are roused like a tempestuous wind, or boisterous sea, with ungovernable emotions—the rudder of wisdom having no effect—but hurrying on the weak deluded intellect as a defenceless bark on the foaming billows of a tremendous storm, till it is either cast away on the quicksands of false honor or licentious love, or dashed to pieces on the destructive rocks of ruin and shame. Thus is man actuated as fortune or whim blows the various gales of life. Now, it is really almost too contemptible, please your Majesty, and beneath the dignity your Majesty has invested me with, to hint at their insane singularities, much less to mention them : only that it becomes necessary for my justification, as well as explanation to this royal court, to state how I passed my time ; that these puffed-up boasters—these demi-gods—should not glory in their supposed strength, and carry off the palm of victory, my just right, by triumphing in their weakness, when they ought to give me the praise and glory that is due to my high rank and station, for forbearance

and kind offices—when their very existence emanates, is upheld, and depends on me—were they to reflect on this, their lofty crest and flighty passions would sink into oblivion, whenever the fit was about to seize on them; and they would then have a sensibility of their own insignificance compared to my mighty power and influence over all creation, and acknowledge my superiority—that nothing that has life could exist without my aid; well knowing that I am the vital spring of universal nature, and fill all space—that the celestial as well as terrestrial bodies require my animating, invigorating breath to give them life and motion—that it is my power that sustains the mighty universe—that it was my power that drew from chaos the countless millions of worlds the eye beholds in the expanded arch of heaven, placed them in their respective orbits, and propels them in their courses to this hour. That wonderful abyss, the stupendous deep, Neptune's vast empire, would cease to roll, and become a stagnant, putrid gulph, and all her finny tribes, from the huge Leviathan to the humble shrimp, swim no more, were I not

To fan the gentle breeze,
 Or blow the briskful gale;
 To swell the silver wave,
 And fill the bended sail.

The fertile globe, the Earth, that most bounteous, prolific womb of Nature, no longer yield her rich, luxuriant, nutritious fruits for sustenance to mankind; but all had been one barren heath; and her delightful vales, which were wont to ring with the voice of gladness, and the enchanting notes of the feathered songster; whilst the happy swain, tired with his daily labour, enjoys my

cool, refreshing zephyrs, that play around his head as he reclines on mossy bank beside his humble cot ; where, listening to the sweet accents of love, or shepherd's pipe, he forgets his toils. Thus man, though last, not least, in his Maker's estimation—his grandest, noblest master-piece of all creation—without my salubrious breath, had returned to his parent-clay again. But, taking into consideration the imbecility of the world without my aid, I have compassion on her and all that is therein—exerting at all times my utmost efforts, in conjunction with Neptune, for her benefit and advantage—to promote her industry, to protect and encrease her commerce, and every blessing that lays in my power to bestow—whilst Vibilia is not behind-hand in rendering her assistance to guard and cheer the weary traveller and benighted wanderer on his way through his labyrinth of adventures, and restore him safe to his native home.

SONG XXII.

The Pleasures of Home.

TUNE—" *Top-sail shivers, &c.*"

I BLOW high, blow low, the tempest steer
 On land as well as sea ;
 Make every heart to quake with fear,
 That does not value me :

But those who do,
 I love most true,
 And protect them from all dire alarm ;
 To return once more
 To freedom's shore,
 Safe from every harm.

The Sailor ploughs the roaring main,
 In hope that he, one day,
 For toil shall reap the golden grain,
 Ne'er more to go to sea.

 Then with joy he views
 The mount's blue hue,
 Or the lovely cot his Poll adorns ;
 As there from strife
 He's moor'd for life,
 Safe from every storm.

The Soldier treads a foreign land
 To revenge his country's cause ;
 'Till every foe that made a stand,
 He subdues to revere her laws.
 Then with joy he returns,
 Whilst his bosom burns
 With ardent love for his Sally's charms :
 As there from strife
 He's canton'd for life,
 Free from War's alarms.

The Merchant runs most hazard oft
 Any that plough the main;
 But yet the cherub that sits aloft
 Brings him safe back again,
 With cargo rare
 Of dainty ware,
 To add to the world a greater zest.
 And then from strife
 He lives a life
 Of happiness and rest.

Thus every soul from pole to pole,
 That's driven by wind or tide,
 In temper or elements uncontrol'd,
 I'd wish them for to glide
 In some smooth stream,
 Where more serene,
 Man jogs through life with greater ease
 Not to soar in height
 Above their might,
 Lest they are lost in storms or seas.

The god of the Winds having taken his seat, Somnus, the torpid god of Sleep, next arose, apparently as though just aroused from a drowsy sleep. Morpheus,

the god of Dreams, and a Genii, attended on him; when, having paid his respects to the throne in a kind of half-and-half sort of way, between sleep and awake, after a few yawns, he began as follows :—

“ Most lethargic and visionary Gods, since my egress into the habitable globe, my mission to influence mankind has succeeded to the utmost of my most sanguine wishes, even beyond my expectation : for so great is my magical power now grown in the grand universe, that I can throw all nature, but particularly the human species, into a state of insensibility as long, and whenever I please. Thus I make man, as the saying goes, not live above half his days—the other half being consumed or passed away by the power of my enchanting sceptre, which throws a veil or imaginary vision over the senses of delusive pleasures or propensities, by flattering the vanity or inclination that is most congenial to the feeling and desire of the individual ; bewildering his weak intellect with chimeras of the most extravagant nature and tendency possible, so as to cause him to believe the illusions he beholds as real and substantial, when, in fact, they are nothing but deception. The rest of the world, both animal and vegetable, I cause to enjoy their natural repose. But man must do something out of nature to signalize himself from the rest of creation—I mean the rich and great, or those men that have nothing to do but kill time, or exist by their wits ; whose brains are continually on the rack of invention, to know how to live, or what to do with themselves. These gentry, to exhibit their supposed pre-eminence over the sober and middling classes of society, turn day into night—retiring to rest, when the glorious sun is break-

ing forth to adorn the heavens with his splendor—whilst the more useful part of mankind are aroused to their various occupations and pursuits of industry, having enjoyed sweet repose and pleasant dreams, as I always guard and protect them throughout the night by my most faithful and ever valuable servant the good Genii.

SONG XXIII.

Visionary Fancy.

TUNE—" *O the foolish marriage row.*"

WHEN sable night the world o'er spread,
 And lovely Nature lays absorb'd,
 I number mortals with the dead ;
 And before their eyes' imagination record
 Some to golden dreams or dreams of love ;
 Some of ghosts or hobgoblin ;
 Some pay their court to me as Jove,
 Whilst others enjoy pleasure, sport, or whim.
 Thus I represent, by visionary spell,
 The alluring follies of the day,
 Or what deed or thought in man excel,
 As in balmy sleep profound he lays :

The Lover dreams he has his lass ;
 The Miser that he's lost his pelf :
 The Justice, though he's quite an ass,
 Dreams no one's so learned as himself ;

The Warrior dreams he's in battle slain ;
 The Coward that he's won the cause ;
 The brave Jack Tar, he boldly maintains
 His Country's honor, and her laws.
 Thus I represent, &c.

The Glutton dreams he's at a feast ;
 The Physician that he fingers the fee ;
 The learned Serjeant he's daub'd in the fist,
 To make the cause slip easy, you see ;
 The Rustic dreams he's at a fair ;
 The Gamester that he's made a purse ;
 The Coquet dreams there's none so fair,
 Or beautiful in the universe.
 Thus I represent, &c.

The world is such, that ev'ry one dreams,
 Now, according as his int'rest lay :
 Thus the poor man to the rich man leans,
 Whilst he so mighty rules the sway ;
 To influence all the world to him,
 As though he was a king or god ;
 Like slaves to obey his capricious whim ;
 To be always ready at his nod.
 Thus I represent, &c

The god of Repose was next succeeded by Aganippe, goddess of the Fountain of Inspiration which flows from Mount Helicon. She was attended by Melpomene and Thalia, the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy; whose contrast rather surprised me, when I found they both drank from the same lucid, bewitching stream: but I soon discovered it distributed different gifts, according to the dispositions or qualifications of its votaries. She appeared a lady-like Goddess, with a most affable and agreeable mien; when, having paid her *devoirs* to the throne, she addressed the learned assembly as follows:—

“ Most sublime and imaginary Gods, I had not long entered the grand universe, before I found mankind to be an odd, strange sort of animal; head-strong, ill-conditioned, selfish, quarrelsome, and as illiterate and stupid as the ass; with as little notion of raising his thoughts above the surface of the Earth, as that brute—with the exception of a low cunning which they possessed to an eminent degree, to impose on one another. In this state they would have continued, till death had finished their miserable existence; had I not taken compassion on them, and invited them to drink of the waters of my inspiring spring; which having once tasted, your Godships would have been astonished to see the vast alteration and effect it made in a short time on their manners, language, readiness of thought, and expanded ideas: indeed, you would have taken them for a different order of beings; for, from the dull stupid creatures they were before, they emerged at once to the sprightly and gay, full of mirth, vivacity, and wit; with all the elegance and grace of accom-

plished scholars, orators, and poets ; and which change has since raised up a lasting monument of the powers of genius and science, to adorn the grand universe, and hand down to posterity its exalted excellence. Every house now teemed with musical and poetical effusions : and this new improvement, which was intended for their benefit, would probably have put a stop to all husbandry and manual labour, for the sustenance of the world ; as no one, in a short time, would have tilled the ground or brewed the ale, had I not hit on an expedient to make different degrees amongst them ; which had the desired effect of remedying the evil which was likely to have desolated the world. For every one, from the school-boy to the ploughman, was intoxicated with the mania : so that we had poets of all denominations, both tragical and comical, from the laureat royal to the Grub-street bard ; there were the epic, heroic, dramatic, elegiac, descriptive, epistolatory, pastoral, and a great many more ; but, to say the truth, although divided classically into so many parts, very few came up to the true standard of either : but I flattered them all, making them truly happy with themselves ; and, as such, keep upon good terms with every degree. For too many think, because they sip a little of my enchanting beverage, they are inspired and perfect masters of the poetic art, capable to perform any difficult task ; but your Godships know to the contrary, that unless men are born poets, it is not their drinking of my waters will make them so ; though they acquire a trifling smattering, and may superficially pass, in the society of those that know no better, as extraordinary and surprising prodigies : but only let them be put to

the test of examination of some of my choice critics, who have drank deep of my animating spirit to imbibe knowledge, and they will soon turn them up, as you would select a white crow from a black one. Thus have I gone on from day to day; and am, in consequence, esteemed and caressed by them all. But there is a matter of great importance, and which requires your Godships interference, to put a stop to by the strong arm of power, or in a short time we shall have no poets at all. There are a set of unprincipled knaves in the world; fellows that fatten and live by other men's works, and who claim all the merit of the performance to themselves, when they have robbed the poor bard of his labours by every mean, contemptible artifice in their power; and which, to my certain knowledge I could enumerate countless instances of. But I will not take up the valuable time of this august assembly, by intruding longer on your Godships kind indulgence, than to state a few glaring facts, well known in the literary world as common occurrences that take place almost daily, and which may be relied upon as indisputable truths of these marauders or jackals, who are the base hirelings of some managers of theatres, and publishers of periodical and daily prints, who make it a profession, and get a handsome livelihood, by surreptitiously and artfully getting into their possession the productions of the poor bard's brains; and frequently under the plausible pretext of rendering him a service. But alas! alas! the world may be at an end before he, poor devil, receives any remuneration for his genius, or ever gets his manuscript out of their hands, until they have abstracted all the pith that is answerable to

their purpose; and then they return his performance as imbecile—not hitting the taste of the town; when, in a short space of time, to his great mortification, surprise, and astonishment, he sees its appearance in the world disguised under a new title and authorship—whilst its true parent is either starving in his garret, or lingering out a wretched and miserable existence in a jail: thus merit too often gets rewarded. But I trust your Godships will not suffer these invaders—these sacrilegious robbers of the Muses and private property, to go unpunished; but that you will make an example of them suitable to the enormity of the offence, as a warning to all future literary plunderers, who shall dare to enrich themselves, clandestinely, at the expence of talented men's mental abilities:—for, as a most eminent and celebrated bard has observed, and which speaks volumes of truths, and with whose sentiments I shall conclude:—

“ He that steals my purse, steals trash ;
 “ But he that robs me of my good name,
 “ And intellectual fame,
 “ Leaves me poor indeed !”

SONG XXIV.

Imaginary Knowledge.

TUNE—“ *Saturday Night.*”

IMAGINATION now in the world bears mighty sway ;
 For not a mortal on the globe but by it's powers stray ;

By flighty whim and fancy, to regions far above,
 Their comprehensive ideas to trace the source they love.

Yet every soul,
 From pole to pole,
 Imagines his knowledge bears the bell ;
 In scientific,
 Or hieroglyphic,

All other wits excel :

And for quickness of thought, flatter themselves,
 Have got inspiration's spell.

Each city, town, and village, without exaggeration,
 Swarms, like a hive, with poets of all denomination ;
 There's historical, allegorical, and astrological besides,
 With lyrical, satirical, and imaginary scribes :

Who my power invoke,
 To play the joke
 On all the world, heaven, earth, or hell ;
 That are dupes enough
 To swallow their stuff ;

Thinking their knowledge all others excel :
 Because they puff in their mighty works,
 They've got inspiration's spell.

Thus all the world alike are poets in their turns,
 Actuated by inspiration, as inclination burns ;

By love, beauty, wit, or nature ; by sorrow or tragedy ;
By joy, hope, fame, or flattery ; by music, or comedy.

Thus ev'ry soul,
From pole to pole,
At times in fancy all others excel ;
When whims prevail,
To fill the sail
Of conception's lofty swell ;
Every one for ideas flatters himself
He has got inspiration's spell.

The goddess of Inspiration was immediately succeeded by Pluto, the renowned god of the Infernal Regions. He appeared like a fiery meteor, in one blaze from top to toe ; so red-hot, that I began to be alarmed lest he should set the royal court in a flame, and reduce to ashes Jupiter's splendid temple in the conflagration. But when I saw no ignition took place, and his person also did not consume away, but that he sat as pleasantly and comfortable, as any of his compeers, my fears subsided ; and, like the flimsy fabric of a dream, instantly vanished into air. He was accompanied by Proserpine, his lovely and beautiful queen ; and Minos, his principal judge ; when, having paid his respects to the throne in an impressive and pathetic manner, he addressed their Godships as follows :—

“ Most debased, ill-used, and degraded Gods, having received his Majesty's commands to visit the grand uni-

verse; to examine into the state of the world; and to exercise, if necessary, my diabolical schemes and machinations on its inhabitants; I thought it most advisable to call a council of my peers, to devise the best ways and means for that purpose. Accordingly, after a long and warm debate, it was unanimously decided and recommended I should ascend from my volcanic empire, not in my *propria persona*, but in disguise; lest my appearance should do more harm than good, by frightening and alarming mankind, and thus defeat the object I had in view. But then the difficulty that presented itself to surmount, was in what form it would be best or most suitable to make my *entrée*: for, from thousands of opinions, none could be elicited without the exception, that to assume any heterogeneous shape, would the sooner lead to my discovery, and possibly cause me to be driven back, or kicked out with shame and disgrace. So, as I had the power of invisibility and could fly on the wings of the wind, I instantly determined to take no peculiar semblance; but trust to chance, and take advantage as circumstances and opportunity might offer for my acceptance; as by that means I should be prepared at all times for the worst, or whatever might occur. Having thus arranged my plan of operation, I set out on my enterprize, one dark stormy night, in a violent tornado; and arrived on *terra firma* instantaneously, like lightning. Its inhabitants took no notice of what had taken place, further than as a common occurrence:—for it is a trite observation, or expression, amongst them—‘The Devil has been in a high wind to-night.’ Little did they think, your Godships, that it really was so: and, as such, no suspicion

attached to me. I now proceeded to look about me : and, as I could transport myself from place to place in an instant, and assume any shape I pleased at pleasure, I had every facility I could wish or desire in my power, even to deceive the imps which were in my employ ; and who were stationed over the whole face of the globe, waiting my arrival : so that I had my eye on any lazy rascal or traitorous scoundrel, unseen. But I found, to my great joy and satisfaction, they had done their duty well, and that little remained for me to do ; save and except, as an experienced general, to reconnoitre some few towns and cities that opposed themselves to my will and authority ; set my out-posts, and applaud and reward the indefatigable zeal and industry of my agents and soldiers fighting under my banner. For mankind, of late, is grown so passionately fond of my bewitching pleasures, that they have my name continually in their mouths, and apply it on almost every occasion and action of their lives ; making me accountable for their acts, when, in reality, I have had nothing to do with them : but that is their art and cunning, by way of colour, as a cloak, to cover their gross follies and propensities. For even in the common transactions of life, if any thing goes wrong, it is always attributed to me as the author ; and the whole blame thrown on my shoulders. Thus your Godships see they do not care a damn who the devil suffers, so long as they themselves get out of the scrape, scot free : but I will reek my vengeance on this canting crew—these hypocritical apostates—the very next, and all future cargoes Charon imports into my sulphurous domains. They shall not insult and traduce my august and venerable name with

impunity—no, no : I will punish and torment them as long as a limb remains unconsumed.

SONG XXV.

The Devil pays for all.

TUNE—"Nancy Dawson."

IN the world such pranks I play
 With mankind, both night and day ;
 Spurring them on to swear, and say
 The Devil makes me do it.
 Yet don't you think it is a shame,
 Thus to abuse my exalted name,
 That's mounted on the throne of Fame ;
 But, damme, I'll make them rue it.

At play or opera, ball or rout,
 They kick my name like smoke about ;
 And swear that if their sport's put out,
 Old Beelzebub has done it.
 Yet, &c.

At church, or chapel, with a grace,
 They pray with sanctity of face,
 Under a cloak their sins to erase,
 For the Devil makes them do it.
 Yet, &c.

If blows arise, and death ensue,
 Or suicide cut off a few,
 In bidding of the world adieu,
 Exclaim—the Devil did it.

Yet, &c.

Thus young and old, rich and poor,
 Though vice and folly they adore,
 Lay every sin at my door,
 For the Devil makes them do it.
 Yet don't you think it is a shame
 To abuse my exalted name,
 When Mankind only are to blame ?
 But damme, they shall rue it.

Pluto, the prince of Darkness and scorpion of Tartarus, was immediately succeeded by Historia, the chaste goddess of History. Her countenance beamed like the sun, full of radiant sweetness, elegance, and grace : she was attended by her inspired and faithful muse, Clio, and supported by the fair goddess of Truth ; who stood, unrobed, without a blush, a celestial form of divine perfection : for she required not the aid of dress to set her off, but was most lovely in her native charms. The royal court was moved with veneration and respect at such unparalleled excellence ; and as a token of their

high esteem, requested the ladies to be seated. But Historia, with all reverence due, said :—

“ Nay, my lords ; permit us with submission first to pay our homage to the throne, and to recount our mysterious travels and adventures in the world—the topic of the present day with all mankind. That done, we then will take our seats, but not before ; for I have much to say that claims the attention of your royal ears, of vast and vital interest to us all, our state and dignity—as it regards our very existence. For I must a tale of truth unfold, however disagreeable to refined and delicate sensibility, of what the Fates have long decreed, and Sacred Writ foretold—the downfall of our kingdom and our race—unless a champion can be found to espouse our cause and defend our illustrious dynasty, to avert the direful catastrophe that menaces our destruction. For know, most mythological Gods, the world has found us out, and all our tricks, and make of us their common sport and ridicule in every town and city in the universe. Their venal licentious bards bawl us through the streets in miserable rhyme, and sell us for a penny to the vulgar crowd ; who make their jeer, and treat us scandalously, in language foul, and call us all but Gods. They declare we are nought but a set of imposing cheats, vile poltroons—fellows that have done nothing all their lives but boast—that all our valiant exploits and meritorious actions, are a tissue of braggadocio and extravagant bombast, got up to deceive mankind—that if any part of our vaunted history be true, it is that only of our beastly amours, horrid murders, thefts, and riotous, drunken, gluttonous revels—that they place no confidence in either what we say or do, nor care for our power and

authority a fig ; but lavish on us the most opprobrious taunts. They call your Majesty the notorious, lecherous old goat of Mount Olympus—that your queen set the odious fashion to the ladies of wearing yellow stockings—that the brave and wise Ulysses was a hen-pecked cuckold, whose faithless rib produced that spurious, heterogeneous animal, Pan—that his father, Mercury, was such an infamous thief, a halter was too good for him—that Venus was an ugly old hag ; and her darling, sprightly, amorous boy, a blind pimping young rascal—that the gigantic labours of Hercules, and the noble feats and achievements of the chiefs and heroes at the siege of Troy, were most infernal lies—that the chaste goddess, Diana ; and the spotless virgins, the lovely Muses and Graces, are all a pack of graceless, fornicating hussies. In short, to sum up the black, degrading catalogue of our pollution, and blast our laurels and renown for ever, they swear we are, one and all, a nest of lying, worthless, debauched vagabonds, whose words no one will believe on oath : so that we have entirely lost our once unrivalled reputation in the world—were it not for some few poor devils, called poets, who, from their necessities, adhere to us, and keep the mention of us still alive for their daily maintenance ; whose brains (if they have any) the public say are crazed :—and really, to speak the truth, I believe that to be the fact ; for they give us indescribable trouble, dancing us about without mercy, like puppets at a fair, to do their drudgery and dirty work for their pitiful and miserable subsistence, without the least commiseration or regard to our exalted station. But thanks, eternal thanks, to our wise and noble patroness and defender,

the valiant and intrepid Minerva, whose penetrating eye watches over our destinies ; and whose brave and dauntless arm shields us from approaching danger. She has found for us, in our calamitous distress, a virtuous poet and historian—a man who honors and respects the Gods who will rescue and protect our immortal fame from the impending infamy, shame, and disgrace that assail it. The pen of a ready writer is in his hand, and he will give to posterity an unsophisticated narrative of facts, in an ingenious work of whimsical imagination : which I pray the Gods to render him all the assistance and support in their power, to help him through his arduous task and the good cause ; that our benign and powerful sovereign will command the Muses, assisted by the Graces, to dictate the sublime and energetic subject—Minerva to shed her effulgent influence on his head—Truth to guide his pen—and our dear and beloved Apollo to inspire and cement the theme by his harmonious and enchanting powers ; whilst our good Genii will guard and protect the immaculate history from perfidy and violence. Thus prepared and equipped, our golden age will revive and flourish like Spring, and we shall have nought to fear. Therefore rejoice ! rejoice ! most illustrious, enlightened, virtuous Gods of renown, we have a giant in arms in our just cause ; one who will renovate, raise, and defend our ancient and honorable name, rank, and glory in the world, and restore again our royal and celestial genealogy to its God-like splendor.”

SONG XXVI.

Romance.

TUNE—"Maid of the Mill."

HISTORY now in the world is got
 The wonder of the sage ;
 For unless it's like a romance wrote,
 'Twill never go down with the age.

Mankind is so fond of extravagant whim,
 They like it in History's page ;
 But naked truth is always too grim
 To ever go down with the age.

Thus every work that's good to see,
 With truth in every page,
 By the present maxim of philosophy,
 Is scoff'd at by all but the sage.

It must be a subject of magnitude great,
 That can man's passions assuage :
 So I recommend to the world, as a treat,
 Imagination's whim of the age.

There they'll find, if they study, genuine worth
 In every succeeding page ;
 The moral between, the contrast of both ;
 And that's beneficial to the age :

Which if man adopts, (but the world is such,
 They despise every thing that is sage,)
 Then wisdom and virtue will flourish as much
 As the predominant follies of the age.

At length, the various Gods, Goddesses, Heroes, Heroines, and Nymphs of renown, that had returned from their respective missions, having given in a narrative of the discharge of their several duties, exploits, and adventures in the world, Jupiter once more arose from his royal throne, amid the joyous shouts and acclamations of his loyal and loving compeers and Demi-Gods and Goddesses assembled, with all the pomp and magnificence of an Eastern monarch for majesty of deportment, superbness of attire, and splendid retinue, in the gayest and richest habiliments the eye ever beheld. Waving his hand with an air of becoming dignity, a general silence ensued throughout the temple, whilst his Majesty, after a short pause, in which he bowed most gracefully to the whole assembly, addressed them in the following laconic, emphatic, and brilliant speech :—

“ My royal brothers, peers, dignitaries, and loving subjects, it gives me inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction to meet and welcome so full an attendance, this night, to our annual ambrosial festival. After the fatigues you

have undergone, and the bold and enterprising manner in the which each of you have distinguished and signalled himself with vigilance and activity in the grand universe; I am convinced of your loyalty, attachment, and esteem to my person, crown and dignity. Accept, therefore, my most sincere thanks of gratitude, and my warmest feelings of affection for the same; as likewise this poor entertainment which I have provided for your reception—though not in value a tenth part adequate to your several unparalleled merits.”

[Immediately, as if it were by magic, a sumptuous banquet arose before the grand assembly consisting of the most delicious viands and choice fruits Nature or Art could produce, and Nectar only fit for Gods: served up, with the greatest elegance and taste, in massive vessels of fine gold, beautifully embossed, with the achievements of the Gods, and studded with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and all kind of precious gems in every imaginable rare device, whilst his Majesty continued to proceed :]—
 “ As likewise for your unremitted exertions in your several respective offices; which will not only redound to your perpetual honor and glory in the world; but will indelibly imprint on my heart a lasting sense of your zeal and worth, and which will ever ensure my future countenance and protection, *ad infinitum*.”

Jupiter having concluded his complimentary address, and resumed his seat, the grand band of Apollo immediately struck up, ‘ God save the King,’ with astonishing spirit and sweetness; and continued playing in the most exquisite style of excellence, except at intervals for refreshment, the remainder of the evening. Joy now diffused itself through every heart; and all

was harmony, festivity, and glee; each God striving to excel his brother in good humour and mirth. Momus contributed much to the entertainment by his peculiar pleasantry and wit; whilst Bacchus was not deficient in replenishing the bowl. Toasts, sentiments, and repartees now flew around in great abundance; till the grand assemblage of Deities, and even Jupiter himself, were more than half-seas over:—for

Choice Nectar flow'd in oceans round the bowl,
And deluged care in every drooping soul.

In this romantic, elevated sphere, no one knew any bounds to his voluptuous excess of pleasure. What with the luxury of the repast—the rich and bewitching flavour of the nectarous juice—together with the enchanting harmony of the celestial band, and the engaging manners and agreeable converse of the Gods—my brain was inebriated with such superlative delight, as to transport my very soul to regions of extacy:—in fact, I was so much out of my element, and so raised above myself by this God-like carousing, that had I been in the happy vallies of Elysium, as one of its most distinguished and highly favoured elect, I could not have partaken of a more boundless sense of felicity.

But as real and permanent happiness does not consist or exist in flighty whims of imagination, or romantic scenes of pleasure, for any series of time, without we put our trust in the All-wise Omnipotent God, who is the wonderful Fountain of Life, and from whom we receive every good gift; and whose bounty is unbounded and universal to all his creatures; so my high, imaginary

happiness was of short duration : for a curious incident arose of an extraordinary nature, which I shall hereafter relate, that plunged me, at once, from my exalted sphere of ambition, honor, and glory, to the low and grovelling state from whence I sprung—putting a period, in one instant, to all my foolish aspiring notions of grandeur and vanity. Thus how soon is the cup dashed from the lip by some unforeseen accident or event, even at the moment of enjoying its delicious sweets. So fell the dauntless, aspiring Cæsar, whose towering ambition knew no bounds—like the bold, intrepid eagle, who fearlessly flies in the very face of the sun, and fancies the stupendous arch of heaven scarce large enough to expand his ponderous wings—levelled with the dust—thus vanished my short-lived glory. May the sequel be a memento to vain greatness, as will be seen by the following as wonderful and extraordinary a transition, as I soared to so conspicuous an elevation.

Ye thoughtless tyrants, upstarts of a day,
 Reflect on chance, and let not pride o'ersway
 Your vaunted reason, lest your greatness fall,
 Beneath your power ever to recall.

Being in the highest glee and good humour with the Gods, the time passed merrily away at the jovial board, having regaled myself sumptuously with every delicacy the entertainment could supply. But as the eye or appetite of man is seldom satisfied, as the proverb justly remarks, though he has satiated to his heart's desire ; so, to speak the truth, proved my folly : for a lovely peach presenting itself, of a beautiful hue, to my

roving fancy, I put forth my hand to seize the delicious morsel that tempted me; when, at the instant, I felt a violent twinge on the cheek, that completely roused me from my delusive trance. What was my surprise and astonishment, I shall leave the Reader to guess, to find the whole court of Gods, and my late elevated rank and glory, like the baseless fabric of a dream, vanished from my sight. Yet it was some consolation, for the loss of my late unparalleled exaltation and happiness; and cheered my dejected spirits, to find myself, once more, safe landed, and well in my lovely bower; where, to my great amazement, I had lain profoundly wrapped in the arms of balmy sleep the whole night; and very possibly should the following day, had it not been for the above unlucky incident to my imaginary fancy—though the contrary to my human and mental faculties—for, whilst in the act of revelling in the most superlative felicity, the heavenly animating sun had illumined the celestial canopy with its refulgent glory—all nature was gay, and roused to the business and employment of the day, like the busy industrious bee, who was the innocent cause of liberating me from my lethargic confinement by the following curious accident, putting forth my hand, as I said before, to grasp the enticing object of my wishes, though contrary to the fable of the Dog and Shadow—for, grasping at the delusion, I squeezed a fine full-blown damask rose, that grew on the side of my bower, wherein was this harmless industrious insect, extracting liquid sweets against the dreary day of famine. Irritated by instinct, (and not from malice or revenge,) as the adage justly remarks—‘Tread on a worm, and it will turn;’ in like manner for such an unprovoked insult, though

undesignedly, she immediately stung to the quick the author of so gross an outrage. Strange as it may appear, this occurrence, so trifling in itself, was the means of restoring me again to my right senses, and the world; and thank God, through the serenity of the night and the warmth of the season, I imbibed no harm from the midnight air, nor any material injury from the accident. Thus I returned, once more, rejoicing and praising the Divine Creator, as I passed along to my happy home, for all his late mercies bestowed; whilst my lovely disconsolate wife and sweet little babes, with anxious impatience, were waiting my return; which caused a scene truly pathetic:—for oceans of bliss and heart-felt joy and satisfaction, far beyond the power of my pen to describe, at beholding, in perfect health and spirits, their too long lost father. Words are inadequate to express the fond kiss, and soft embrace, of true love; or the sweet tear of sensibility and affection, that flowed from every eye.

Search the world around,	}
No place can be found	
Where true joys abound,	
To compare to home.	

Having at length recovered from the interesting interview, and taken some refreshment, still having the effect of the trance in my imagination before my eyes; and being full of reflection and meditation at so wonderful an event as had transpired to my bewildered fancy; I immediately withdrew to my study, to commit the extraordinary occurrence to paper; which as I proceeded in, all my past vision came afresh to my mind.

At the same time, a voice like unto thunder, entered my ears, as though from Divine command, pronouncing with an emphatic dictation—‘ Publish the things thou hast seen and heard, for the information and edification of man.’ I instantly set to work ; and, thank God, through his assistance and support, have, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, been able to impart to the grand universe every particular circumstance and transaction of moment that transpired to my flighty and romantic imagination—which, to the morality thereof, if mankind pay due and proper attention, they will in the end despise and abhor the prevalent vices and follies of the age—adore religion and virtue, and laud God alone.

SONG XXVII.

Gratitude.

TUNE—“ *Barbadoes Bells.*”

Now, one arduous task is o’er,
 Another more difficult to endure
 Presents itself ; but I’ll implore
 Your Godships’ approbation.
 But should my request too bold appear,
 From the world my muse will disappear,
 To distant climes to shed a tear
 In silent contemplation.

But smiles of applause I begin to trace
 In the lineaments of every face ;
 Therefore shall not meet that disgrace—
 Which gives me consolation.

Thanks to the Gods for this last deed
 Of charity, when I stood in need,
 To help me through my doubts with speed,
 To receive your approbation ;
 That shields me from base Envy's tongue,
 Who would wish to poison every one
 That is not, like herself, undone
 And lost to reclamation.
 But, as my pains are crown'd with bays,
 My prolific brain shall ever praise
 Your judgment, with ecstatic lays
 And heart-felt admiration.



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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE WEGUELIN, GENT.

PRINCIPALLY WRITTEN IN EARLY LIFE.

DEDICATED TO APOLLO,

A. D. MDCCCXXXII.

Third Series.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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WARDOUR STREET, OXFORD STREET.

THE Author feels the greatest pleasure and satisfaction in being enabled to present to his numerous worthy friends and brother Eccentrics (who have so earnestly solicited him for a continuation of his poetical productions), the Third Volume, which he not only requests their acceptance of, but trusts, on perusal, they will not be disappointed of continued renewed gratification.*

*Grafton Street,
Fitzroy Square.*

* Vide the Speech delivered from the Chair by the President of the Eccentrics, on the occasion of a former series of Eccentric Poems being presented to that Society by the Laureat.

AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO THE ECCENTRICS.

ANOTHER year has roll'd away,
In which you live to see the day
That some imagin'd ne'er would come
Again, to welcome in this room
Weguelin's return, in health most prime,
As he was wont in former time,
Attended by the tuneful Nine ;
Riding on his famed Pegasus,
That was thought an ignis-fatuus
By many a long-ear'd ignoramus ;
Who crack'd their jokes and made their sport,
Tho' oft they would his favor court,
To hire his hobby for a time,
To help them through a little rhyme :
But Pegasus wasn't such a tool,
To be the slave of every fool
Who wish'd to mount—to take a ride,
Unless his master chose to guide ;

}
}
}

Which if he did, they sore repented,
 When 'twas too late to be prevented.
 For oft from Sol to Georgium Sidus
 He'd flit in the twinkling of a Spriteus,
 And back again to earth instanter,
 And call it but a gentle canter ;
 So that no booby ever tried
 Again, to ask another ride.
 But to return unto my story,
 Which for a time destroy'd my glory :—
 When Pegasus was basely sold
 To knackers dire, for paltry gold,
 He in your presence seem'd to die,
 In great and dreadful agony ;—
 But 'twas a dream 'twixt you and I,
 Merely to get from off the stage
 Of public life, for to assuage
 Sufferings which would the world astoun',
 For services of great renown,
 Were but his merits duly known :
 Therefore, indignant he withdrew
 To regions only known to few ;—
 But having once more join'd your revels,
 I'll now relate to you our travels.
 I to Elysium was convey'd,
 Amongst the Gods in the cool shade,
 Where golden fruits grew plenteous round,

And all appear'd enchanted ground ;
 When having drank divinely deep
 Of nectar, until morning peep,
 It fired my soul to sing and dance,
 As I had seen Nymphs in my trance,
 And so to vie with the jovial crew,
 I tried as much as I could do :
 But soon my joy was turn'd to pain,—
 They vanish'd from the flowery plain,
 And left me like the veil of night,
 In darkness, and forsaken quite ;
 My lyre was gone—Pegasus flown,
 And I, alas ! was left alone :
 No friend was nigh to give relief,—
 Forlorn, and sinking past belief,
 Existence was to me a grief ;
 Wishing most heartily for death,
 To ease my sorrows with my breath :
 But tho' I wish'd, I wish'd in vain—
 It only added to my pain.
 Thus dull and pensive as I lay,
 Methought I heard Pegasus neigh ;
 And turning round, to my surprise—
 The joy that sparkled in my eyes
 Is more than words can here explain—
 When I beheld his flowing mane :
 But what was more, Apollo, too,

}

With lovely damsels, fresh as dew,
 Had brought with them a magic lyre
 To raise my spirits, and inspire
 My thoughts above terrestrial things,
 The moment that I touch'd the strings;
 And with a pleasing, smiling mien,
 Address'd me thus, in courteous strain.—
 Arise my friend, accept this harp,
 And never let it more depart
 From thee, but cherish it and love,
 The choicest gift of Gods above;
 Be Eccentricity thy will,
 And I will give thee power and skill—
 To use it to thy utmost fill :
 Remember what I now impart,
 And let it 'twine around thy heart;
 Pegasus henceforth I give to thee,
 Use him gentle, he'll be most free :
 Adieu ! my son, let no one take
 The celestial lyre, for my sake.
 I took it instantly and play'd,
 And as I sung, these words I said—
 In gratitude, to great Apollo
 I dedicate the Odes that follow.

}

DEDICATION.

HAIL, glorious APOLLO! who, from thy splendid throne,
Illumest with brilliancy the azure dome :
Inspire my muse with melody, to rise,
In lofty strains, above the vaulted skies ;
To soar in air—immensity to scan—
That she may sing enrapturing themes to man,
To rouse his soul to adore the enchanting sway
Of thy harmonic empire, sweet ecstasy,
The boundless source of genuine wit and mirth,
From whence the tuneful sisters owe their birth,
And countless luminaries incessant sing
Thy matchless power diurnal, as they wing
Their wond'rous speed around thy enlivening flame,
Perpetually going o'er the course again.
So give her strength to sustain the aspiring flight,
As in thy wisdom's pleasant in thy sight ;
And mould her to thy will that she might prove
A prodigy of science—her greatest love—
To touch with angelic skill thy heavenly lyre,
And give to harmony celestial fire ;

To lavish pleasure, shoot folly as it flies,
 And make obduracy to sympathise :
 Like the great bard who by the Avon sung,
 Whose numbers flow'd in cadence rich and strong,
 Master of hearts and by none outdone ;
 He softened rocks and sooth'd the savage breast,
 And all unruly passions lull'd to rest ;—
 May thy chaste spirit thus pervade my mind,
 To make my thoughts more polish'd and refin'd ;
 That I, in dedicating these lines to thee,
 Be from all trifling vulgar language free,
 But not pedantic, lest the critics say
 Fools write by line, and rule a-now-a-day.
 But give me freedom, liberty, and ease,
 That I may shape the verse just as I please,
 To harmonize the whole, and, by thy power,
 Dispel dull care as pass the fleeting hour.

Love and War.

Tom.

HARK ! the trumpet sounds to arms, to arms, dear Poll,
I must away,
To chastise the foe—but oh, those charms bid my poor
heart to stay ;
But dauntless I will scorn all fear, tho' thund'ring can-
nons rattle,
The guardian angels, for thy sake, will protect me in the
battle.

Poll.

My dearest Tom, should you be slain, I never could sur-
vive thee,
Then let me live and die with thee, and pray do not deny
me ;
Our fortunes are alike the same, through life we've no
election,
For God, I know, will be our friend, and give us both
protection.

Tom.

My charming Poll, my love for thee does with fresh ardour burn,

To hear thy wish to go with me, who never may return ;

To conquer or die is a soldier's pride, my sweetest girl,
for you,

Then let me embrace thee in these arms, before I bid
adieu, adieu.

Poll.

I value not the din of war, give me a sword and shield,

So long as I can be with thee in camp or in the field ;

The drum and fife my bosom warms, and with my latest
breath

I'll cheer thee on, my lovely Tom, to victory or death.

Both.

Then since war is our destiny, farewell, ye fields and
plains ;

Farewell to this poor homely cot, where true contentment reigns :

Tho' despair shall not our hearts assail, as Heaven's
benign rays

May return us to our happy home, in peace to end our
days.

The Political Tinker.

A TINKER I am, and my trade to extend,
 Constitutions, as well as pots and pans, I mend ;
 I'm doctor of divinity, I'm doctor of physic,
 I'm doctor of law, and doctor of music.
 I prescribe for all maladies, for law I can advise,
 And preach down all bad practices, tho' my own I disguise :

What with hammering and stammering,
 And fingering of the pelf ;
 Nobody knows the Tinker,
 For he hardly knows himself.

I hammer down the times to whatever shape I please,
 And defamation spread abroad, whilst I sit at my ease :
 I sell gospel out by spoonfuls, to all despairing souls,
 As likewise reputation, to either knaves or fools.
 Sometimes I give the lover hope, at others fell despair,
 Which is my way with all the world, unless the cash is
 there ;

So ostentatious grown,
 By fingering of the pelf ;
 Nobody knows the Tinker,
 For he hardly knows himself.

At length, by cunning artifice, a fortune I have made,
 Therefore I'll now turn gentleman, and throw off the
 trade ;

And for fear my low origin should to the world appear,
 If money can procure it, I will be made a Peer.

Thus rais'd by wealth to dignity, a Courtier then I'll be,
 To gain new honours and increase my popularity.

Thus swell'd with pride and arrogance,

By wallowing in the pelf ;

No wonder the Tinker you forget,

When he's forgot himself.

An Epigram.

Two notorious old hags—rakes frequented and knew—

(One kept a fence—the other a stew,)

Side by side, hand and glove, in iniquity swell,

Till their sins grew as large as Exeter bell,

As Bridges Street annals can very well tell :

But yet to the world, religion and grace

Appear'd to exist in each fat flabby face,

To cloak their foul deeds, a burning disgrace,

For they went to conventicle three times a day,

Their vocations to follow, and not for to pray.

But Lucifer fearing they might have a call,
 And lest he should lose them, soul, body, and all,
 Resolved that on earth they no longer should dwell,
 So snatch'd them, at once, from business to hell.

Captain Flash.

My name is Captain Flash, sir ;
 I'm a gem of the first rate ;
 I set the Ton to all the town
 To dress in style complete.
 Sir Brilliant Gay, who bounced away
 And was counted such a dash, sir,
 In all the courts of Europe, say
 He's outdone by Captain Flash, sir.

I rival all the dandies
 That ever graced this nation ;
 And for fashion, flash, and fun, sir,
 Have the highest reputation ;
 In foreign climes I've past my time
 To become an accomplish'd ass, sir ;
 And monkey wise in great disguise
 Return'd a Captain Flash, sir.

I sport my curricie to shew
 My dexterity as a whip, sir ;
 From Cheapside to Rotten Row,
 For the gaze of the public, sir ;
 The women bawl and children squall,
 To see me drive so rash, sir ;
 O'er apple stalls pell mell I go,
 Who dare stop Captain Flash, sir ?

To bring me into notice by
 The wonder of the throng, sir,
 Who gape and stare as I pass by,
 And make of me a song, sir.
 " Mind your eye—he'll cut a fly—
 Pray let his honour pass, sir ;
 His kettle drum makes such a hum,
 Proclaiming Captain Flash, sir."

But what the deuce care I for that ?
 I have an end in view, sir ;
 I'll cut a dash and make a splash,
 And sing cock-a-doodle-do, sir.
 And my cocks shall crow to let them know
 That I am not abash'd, sir,
 Tho' thousands cry as I pass by,
 " There goes Captain Flash, sir."

At Willis's or Almacks',

I'm the Adonis of the night, sir ;

So splendidly I figure there,

I dazzle quite the light, sir.

All amaz'd—my diamonds blaze—

I shine more than the gas, sir ;

I am a sun amongst the stars—

All bow to Captain Flash, sir.

The Ladies all admire me,

When I the assembly grace, sir ;

To sing or play I am the man

That's perfect elegance, sir.

Lead off the dance, make a prance,

In Lothario cut a dash, sir ;

Whilst all the belles in rapture cry,

“ O charming Captain Flash, sir.”

But do not think I am an ape,

I know what I'm about, sir ;

I figure for a fortune's fool,

And then I'll figure out, sir.

Yes, my dear, never fear,

When I have touch'd the cash, dove,

You shall live the life of a princess,

With your dashing Captain Flash, love.

Rural Felicity.

As across the fields I chanced to stray,
Young Lubin, so sprightly and gay,
Came smiling up to me and said, pretty maid,
Pray where are you walking to day.
Why what's that to you, silly clown, I replied,
With a most contemptible sneer;
But for all that, he tenderly press'd my soft hand,
Saying, dear girl, let your anger forbear.

His cheeks were so ruddy, so gentle his mien,
I gazed on the youth with surprise;
And obduracy fled, when prostrate at my feet,
I beheld him with tears in his eyes.
He managed the matter so neatly, I vow,
Lover's feelings can only declare;
For so well the rogue knew he had won my fond heart,
No longer he cried, pray forbear.

He prais'd my fine eyes, my shape and my wit,
And swore he would make me his wife;
I, blushing, refused; but at length I complied
To be thus settled for life.
So I gave him my hand, and to church we repair'd,
In Hymen's chaste bonds to be one;
And now we live happy in peace and content
From the rising to the setting of the sun.

An Epitaph.

Now poor Edwin is gone, alas ! not a smatter
 Of twaddle, or quoz, or gingo's the chatter ;
 The old proverb remarks—tho' ever so kind,
 No longer in sight, no longer in mind.
 He who was once so joyous and gay,
 Lays now in his coffin—a cold lump of clay !
 Come, lovers of mirth, shed a tear on his grave,
 In gratitude to him who once was your slave ;
 Nor forget that while living how he bore off the bell,
 And, as a hearty good fellow, none e'er could excel.

The Joys of the Chase.

WHAT pleasure's to equal the joys of the chase,
 When Phœbus bedecks the gay morn ?
 There both health and vigour appear in the face,
 At the cry of the hounds and the musical horn.

Our steeds being saddled, we scour away,
 O'er gates and thro' vallies we fly ;
 Till puss, tired out, no longer assay,
 But panting, surrenders and dies.

Then to Bacchus's shrine we return in full flee,
 For dull care with us souls shall not stay ;
 O'er full flowing bowls we unanimous agree,
 To renew the grand sport the next day.

Victory of the Nile.

HAIL ! hail ! all ye Britons, give ear to my song,
 In praise of brave Nelson—it can't be too long—
 Whose valour to ages Fame will proclaim ;
 For Britons will ever be lords of the main.
 Rule, rule, gallant Mars, thou mighty god of war,
 And shield with thy thunder each British tar.

Off the mouth of the Nile, how glorious the sight !
 Lay the great nation's fleet, quaking with fright,
 When they saw gallant Nelson bear down to maintain
 The honour of England, as lords of the main.

Rouse ! rouse ! &c.

Now, how dreadful the carnage ! how terrible the sound !
 The cannons' loud thunder the heavens resound !
 So bloody the scene, with the groans of the slain !
 Make Englishmen shudder, tho' lords of the main.

Rouse ! rouse ! &c.

Old Neptune beheld, and applauded the fight ;
 It's noble cried he—I rejoice at the sight,
 To see British tars such ardour maintain ;
 I'll ever decree them the lords of the main.

Rouse ! rouse ! &c.

So saying, he gave them his trident, to sway
 The rough curling wave, and all insults repay ;
 Whilst in peals of dread thunder Mars did proclaim
 British seamen—invincible lords of the main.

Rouse ! rouse ! &c.

Thus France's proud navy's by Nelson laid low ;
 'Twas his gallant crew struck the grand blow
 To gaelic ambition, for their threats we disdain,
 For Briton's will ever reign lords of the main.

Rule, rule, &c.

Here's success to our King—success to our laws—
 Success to brave Nelson—success to our cause—
 Success to all jolly tars, who our freedom maintain,
 And may they for ever reign lords of the main.

Rule, rule, &c.

Impromptu on Recovery.

Fair Goddess of Health, for my restoration
 Accept of this small remuneration ;
 The lustre of which, though great, can't compare
 To thy beautiful charms, which excel all the fair.
 When those charms are united, the beaus they will gaze,
 And in rapture will chaunt all their lays to thy praise :
 But their praises are vain, on observance, you'll find ;
 Then make choice of the youth that is constant and kind.

Wine, Love, and War; or, Time Present.

As Procrastination's the thief of time,
 Let us not one moment of life repine ;
 Embrace, with joy, without delay,
 The circling hour as it flies away ;
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That every gay and sprightly soul
 May drink, or sing, or laugh, or play,
 To make this a jovial holiday ;
 Let the merry joke go round ;
 Let not care with us be found :

Not like misers or astronomers,
 Who plod o'er their wealth, or enumerate the stars ;
 They are strangers to joys like ours—divine ;
 They know no such pleasure as the taste of the vine.
 'Tis wine inspires a noble mind ;
 'Tis wine makes wit fly more refin'd ;
 Wine gives new life, the ancients boast ;
 Therefore let wine be the general toast.

But if Venus outrival Bacchus's shrine,
 Haste away to her charms—swear she's all divine ;
 For when a lady's in the case,
 All other things of course give place.
 Swear she has set your soul on fire ;
 Swear you're enchant'd with desire ;
 Flatter her a little with this and that ;
 Give her enough of Love's soft chat ;
 Praise her beauty, shape, and air ;
 Swear there's not so angelic a fair ;
 Her rosy cheeks, her eyes so bright,
 Her heaving bosom enraptures delight ;
 Swear you're transported to worlds of bliss
 Whilst on your knees you beg a kiss :
 In short, you soon will gain the field,
 And the goddess will, smiling, yield.
 Follow this plan, if you'd be wise,
 As thousands by procrastination dies.

Hark ! how the cannon roars from afar ;
 'Tis the threat of impending war :
 Rise ! revenge your country's cause,
 And let not one moment be lost in pause ;
 Charge the enemy, though e'er so great ;
 Kill and slay where'er you meet ;
 Let the threat'ning, haughty foe,
 By your courage, Britons, know ;
 And not to know, but to revere,
 The sons of liberty as their sire.
 May peace and plenty ever smile
 On this loved spot, Britannia's isle.
 Her laws are just, her subjects free,
 And freedom dwells alone in thee.
 Here's a health to George, our glorious King ;
 Long may he reign, we'll jovially sing ;
 And until time shall be no more,
 Strike terror to ev'ry distant shore.

The Hand Bill.

JUST arrived from London Town,
 Doctor Scarecrow of renown,
 A man of great skill to advise O ;
 Can cure ev'ry ill
 Without blister or pill,
 By wonderful magnettiso.

No quackery with me;

No cure, no fee ;

No griping nor purging the poor, O ;

I heal, by slight of hand,

All diseases at command,

By wonderful magnetismo.

In your stomachs I dont pop

A whole medical shop,

Or bind up your legs for the gout O ;

If you're ever so deform'd,

Or your head should be adorn'd,

I'll remove it by magnetismo.

So powerful's my art,

I can bleed ev'ry heart,

Whilst I draw from the pocket the rhino ;

Then home I go with ease,

Snug as murder with the fees

Got by wonderful magnetismo.

Beauty.

BEAUTY, tho' courted by all ranks with adoration,

Is as a shadow for its short duration ;

To-day it captivates—to-morrow detestation.

}

So sudden a transition oft takes place,
 It even baffles our belief to trace
 The beauteous lineaments of an angel's face :
 As first impressions vanish into air,
 Whenever sorrow or pain has revell'd there ;
 As per instance, for your information,
 I'll now unfold to you the transformation :
 Let but the Goddess pass before your eyes,
 Desire pleads instanter for the prize ;
 Her graceful figure engaging, without art,
 Is sure, like magnet, to attract the heart.
 But let bane sickness, famine, or despair,
 Afflict the mind, and beauty disappear
 From those bright charms that rivall'd with the sun—
 To aspect shrivell'd, lifeless and wan :
 Provided no misfortune should attend,
 And beauty should for life every one befriend ;
 The soul may be a devil, hid beneath
 The mask of beauty, only to deceive :
 Let not the eye dote on outward form,
 But on the heart which beauty should adorn ;
 There genuine love and friendship should unite,
 Congenial love and friendship to invite ;
 To keep alive perpetually, the bliss
 Of uninterrupted love and happiness.
 Beauties like these will never fade away,
 When outward beauty's gone to irreticvable decay.

English Valour rules the Day.

WHENE’ER loud clarions call to arms,
 The voice of war strikes no alarms
 In the true born Briton’s breast,
 Where freedom reigns, supremely blest ;
 True courage never feels dismay,
 For English valour rules the day.

The Sailor with composure laughs,
 And on the deck his grog he quaffs ;
 Swears to make the foe to fly,
 To conquer or to boldly die :
 With peals of thunder bears the sway,
 Thus English valour rules the day.

The Soldier hears, without concern,
 Loud cannons roar and clash of arms ;
 So brave is he, that no attack
 Will ever make him turn his back :
 Through fields of carnage clears his way ;
 Thus English valour rules the day.

May George, our King, for ever be
 Protected both by land and sea ;

And Englishmen maintain their right,
 With hearts like lions ever fight ;
 Whilst immortal fame proclaiming say
 English valour rules the day.

Love and Sorrow.

Oh, my lovely charmer, why this flood of tears ?
 Why drop these pearls ? why these sighs and fears ?
 Say from thy heart, have I ever been untrue ?
 You know I've always been the kindest love to you.
 Why should you then rob me of those charms ;
 Come then, my love, embrace me with thy arms.
 Smile, smile, my dear, one glance, or else I die ;
 O, now what joy my soul receives from those lucid eyes.
 Oh, never may I more endure such a storm ;
 May the guardian Angels protect us from all harm.

In Memory of Grimalkin.

BENEATH this tablet a faithful servant lies,
 Who kept the ravenous mice from the mince pies ;
 Yet she'd a knack of stealing, now and then,
 A bit of meat or sop out of the pan,
 A quality familiar to her clan.

}

A numerous progeny she left behind,
 Who mew'd her loss, for she was very kind,
 As to the grave they walk'd, in doleful mind ;
 Crying in artless accents, without fuss,
 Adieu, adieu, alas ! poor Tittebus.

}

The Times.

Two Nations had a paper war, I'll tell you what about,
 sir,

A simple thing call'd Liberty, that made a mighty rout,
 sir ;

The controversy rose so high, from words they went to
 blows, sir,

And sad to tell, when it will end, no one in Europe
 knows, sir.

Botheration, botheration, oh what a terrible botheration.

Now one was poor, the other rich, that caus'd this great
 dispute, sir ;

The poor was for equality, the rich to that was mute,
 sir :

And fearing lest a royal seat would soon begin to tumble,
 A proclamation issued forth to make the rebels humble.
 Alteration, alteration, that was a bit of alteration.

Accordingly their king began to fortify a tower,
 The novelty was ludicrous, but 'twas to shew his power ;
 For night and day they work'd away, to fill old tubs
 with earth, sir,
 The peoples' eyes to blind, for what ? new projects to
 give birth, sir.
 Explanation, explanation, oh that wanted an explanation.

'Twas given out that all this fuss was to give the town
 protection ;
 But mum, 'twas nothing but a farce, to keep it in sub-
 jection :
 They plainly saw what others did with people in high
 station,
 So thought 'twere best to be secure, for self as well as
 nation.
 Observation, observation, that was a sly trick of obser-
 vation.

All powers soon began to think his brother's case his
 own, sir,
 And join'd unanimous to save each one his respective
 throne, sir ;

Said they, if heads for nought lopp'd off, and we stand
by so tame, sir,

We soon shall have these daring dogs serve us in turn
the same, sir.

Palpitation, palpitation, oh, that was a devilish palpi-
tation.

Soon fleets and armies were equipp'd, to give the ma-
rauders battle,

And cannons re-echo'd from all quarters with tremend-
ous rattle ;

The widow and poor orphan cry for fathers now no
more, sir,

And heroes brave ne'er expect again to see their native
shore, sir.

Desolation, desolation, oh what a dreadful desolation.

Whilst music dins the clang of arms, and colours they
are flying,

Little think they of the thousands slain, or the groans
of those that's dying ;

What's then to be done ? I'll tell you what : stand by,
not interpose, sir,

For those that do, depend upon't, will wipe a bloody
nose, sir.

Consolation, consolation, oh that's a charming consola-
tion.

Rustic Amusement;
OR,
The Humours of May-Day.

HAIL! hail! thou rosy, sprightly morn,
Who does the trees and fields adorn
With blossoms, flowers, and lilies gay,
Sweet emblems of May-day.
Young lads and lasses dance and sing
To welcome in the cheerful spring;
While cans of flip inspire the soul
As they jovially foot it round the pole—

(*Spoken.*)—At the renowned Yorkshire Stingo, where
the squires of the knot and their sweethearts vie with
each other in curricles, tandems, whiskies, and buggies,
to pay adoration to the rosy Goddess of health—

While dulcet music sweetly play
To celebrate this day;
Let us dance and sing from morning to night,
May comes but once a year;
And we may not be here
Another, to enjoy its delight.

Next the sweeps, as fine as city beaux,
Dress'd out so smart in spangled clothes,
With brush and shovel they jig around
While garlands deck the festive ground;

Where milk-maids skip with heels so light,
 For country dance is their delight ;
 And the fiddler, with his wig awry,
 Is tossing up for a mutton pie.

(*Spoken.*)—Here's at you, Moses, first turn-up.—Vel, vomans.—It's heads, it's heads.—You sheat, you sheat, as I hope to be shaved ; you sheat vorse as all our peoples put togedder, in Dukes's Place.

Now the bells call away,
 Come the grave, come the gay ;
 Come, dance and sing from morning to night,
 May comes but once a year ;
 And you may not be here
 Another to enjoy its delight.

The trumpet sounds—the Fair's begun ;
 All ranks repair to see the fun :
 There lotteries, with mountebanks,
 Proclaim all prizes—but no blanks ;
 With gingerbread and curious toys
 For full-grown babes as well as boys ;
 Gay ribbon stalls with dainty gear,
 And guttling booths with good strong beer—

(*Spoken.*)—Here's your sort for good English stomachs—for two-penny's-worth of tripe and a dab of cabbage, a yard of plum-pudding is given into the bargain—

Whilst pipe and tabor sweetly play
 To enliven the day ;
 Let us dance and sing from morning to night,
 May comes but once a year ;
 And we may not be here
 Another to enjoy its delight.

Here's lions, tigers, and modern jackals
 With eagles, porcupines, and ostrich tall ;
 Rhinoceros with armour strong,
 And elephant with trunk so long,
 Will pick your pocket in a trice,
 Like monkeys, thou not quite so nice ;
 In short, we have birds and beasts so rare,
 If you saw them all, 'twould make you stare.

(*Spoken.*)—Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen.
 Here's the most wonderful corpulent black Fox ever
 seen in this kingdom, caught by farmer George in his
 ministerial trap, as he was endeavouring to undermine
 the popularity of his hen coop.

But hark ! the bag-pipes merrily play,
 Cast care another way ;
 Come dance and sing from morning to night :
 May-day comes but once a year,
 And we may not be here
 Another, to enjoy its delight.

Now single stick the crowd elates,
 And all in turn get broken pates ;
 While girls are running up and down
 For a holland smock or camlet gown.
 Next a jack-ass race for a gold laced hat,
 Between brickdust Sam and brawny Pat ;
 Now some bet high, while others bawl—
 Sam's ass will get first to the stall.

(*Spoken.*)—O yes! O yes! O yes! This is to give notice, six toothless old women will grin through horse collars this afternoon, at the sign of cruck'd finger Jack, for a gallon of blue ruin and a pound of snuff.—

Here delightfully play,
 To celebrate the day,
 The marrow bones and cleavers from morning to night :
 It comes but once a year,
 And they may not be here
 Another, to afford such delight.

Here's the automatical figure that can tell
 Your name, or sweetheart's, very well ;
 With wax-work that will surprise you all,
 Both old and young, and great and small.
 An infant, six weeks old, can talk,
 Huge giants that can't speak or walk ;
 With wonders more, which I could name,
 But that's enough to stamp my fame.

(*Spoken.*)—Here's a most extraordinary prodigy of nature ever seen, in this or any country ;—a beautiful female child, born twenty years after her father died.

Walk in ladies and gentlemen pray,
 The harmonic music play ;
 Here is fun alive from morning to night :
 May's frolics once a year ;
 And we may not be here,
 To exhibit again such charming delight.

From this balcony you have a view
 Of cows and oxen not a few ;
 With goats and calves, wild boars and hogs,
 And rams and lambs, and barking dogs ;
 Horses and asses twenty score,
 With heifers tame, while mad bulls roar :—
 To speak the truth, I do declare
 My show bangs all throughout the fair.

(*Spoken.*)—Why now there's that there mon whot shows the lions and all the wild beastes's has nothing in his collection to compare to mine : he has'n't got sich a hanimal as a hunicorn with twa horns.

Here the clarions loudly bray
 To the delight of the gay,
 With plenty of good cheer from morning to night ;
 May comes but once a year,
 And we may not be here
 To produce such another astonishing sight.

Step in and see the guillotine
 That beheaded Louis and his Queen,
 With fortunes told and slight of hand,
 Will remove St. Paul's at command :
 Don't hear their nonsense, for I know
 There's none can beat my puppet show ;
 Pray walk this way and you shall see
 The mighty army of Vandee.

(*Spoken.*)—To be seen, at a moment's notice, all
 alive on a trencher, the whole world in full action, en-
 gaged in a bloody battle for liberty.—

Here the dancing dolls display
 All their finery for the day,
 To welcome their visitors from morning to night ;
 Before they disappear
 For another long year,
 When they'll amuse you again with their usual delight.

The day's far spent, and night's come on,
 And Bettys couple off with Johns,
 To have a dance to finish all,
 And now we'll suppose them at the ball :
 Now hornpipe, or else cotillion,
 Or tipsy reel, or jovial song,
 Conclude the sports with kisses round ;
 What else besides ?——I'll be profound.

(*Spoken.*)—Oh you hussy, you dirty minx, to stay out so late! What! and you wear a pad, too, forsooth? Egad, I'll have it taken off immediately—no artificial appearances for me. I wish I could, mother; but—but—but—it's a natural one, that John gave me at the fair: but he swears he'll marry me——

Now the music's left off play,
And the grave and the gay
Are retir'd to rest from the fatigues of the night,
Until May comes next year:
If alive, they'll all be there
To celebrate again its enchanting delights.

Keep Time in View.

A CAUTION.

THO' Time flies fast, the poet sings,
With invisible outstretch'd wings,
And nought is seen of him behind
But shadow, swifter than the wind;
Yet I can such a fact relate
As will surprise you, when I state
That here, beneath this royal seat,
Time has laid dormant, in the deep;

And would have remain'd there until now,
 If not discover'd in the slough ;
 Which to prevent in future times,
 Hang by the forelock near these lines
 His brazen face that you might see,
 He don't attempt again to flee ;
 Or sculk away, like some vile knave,
 To hide himself without your leave.
 But watch him as a treacherous friend,
 In whom you no way can depend :
 And by that treatment do not fear
 He'll e'er lie again, or disappear ;
 But be a friend indeed to you,
 And pay you all attention due ;
 By night and day your house he'll keep
 Cleanly, orderly, and neat :
 For every moment's mark'd by him,
 Whether good or bad, when he begin
 To keep account of men's affairs
 Till death do end their worldly cares.
 Meanwhile mount your throne of state,
 And weighty matters cogitate,
 Of love, or war, or wisdom sage ;
 But Bacchus must not your thoughts engage :
 For if he does, he'll 'vantage take,
 And ever after be a rake.

Wandering where no one can tell,
 And at home will never dwell.
 So to catch him will be vain,
 You'll never more see him again.
 Then let us from this moral, brother,
 For the good of one another,
 Keep time for ever in our sight,
 And we shall assuredly all go right.

The honest Jew.

MOSES CLINCHFIST's my name, well known in Duke's
 Place ;
 And my trade, as a merchant, thank God's no disgrace ;
 Not like my brethren, so sharkingly bent,
 Cent. per cent. for my profit gives me content ;
 For I'm right honest Jew vot takes care of mineself,
 And that is the vay I makes so much pelf.

I am silversmith, jeweller, likewise watch-maker ;
 In fact there is nothing I can't undertake, sir ;
 My house is a fence to all on the lay ;
 Nice goods come by night, that can't come by day,
 For I'm right honest Jew, &c.

A furnace I keep, which never is cold,
 To transmute old plate from silver to gold ;
 Which is done in a trice, like legerdemain,
 And not a scruple of conscience ever remain ;
 For I'm right honest Jew, &c.

I lend pops out to bloods of birth and renown,
 To go a collecting in and round Town ;
 With a host of Jew-boys to buy up bad shillings,
 To vend them again on those that are willing ;
 For I'm right honest Jew, &c.

If my men are successful, and bring well to the lock,
 They may live a few years e're they come to the drop ;
 But should they prove lazy, or think to turn stag,
 They weigh me a forty, and that stops their brag ;
 For I'm right honest Jew, &c.

Sometimes I devour what Christians call pork ;
 And as for the sabbath, I care not a groat ;
 I can bribe the high-priest with a sanctified face,
 And circumcise all with an Israelite grace ;
 For I'm right honest Jew, &c.

When I began business, Paul's Church-yard was my stand ;
 I bought, stole, and sold, what came to my hand.

But being grown rich, I now strut in gold lace,
 And am call'd the great king of mighty Duke's-place ;
 For I'm right honest Jew, &c.

Immortal Nelson.

HAIL ! Nelson, brave Nelson, of glorious renown,
 Whose brow's been so oft adorn'd with the crown
 Of vict'ries transcendent on the foaming wave,
 To uphold England's honour, and Albion to save :
 But, alas ! the career of thy triumph's complete,
 And Britannia and Neptune in concert do weep
 For their son, whose bright shade bids Britons pursue,
 To immortalize him, who has immortalized you.

All ages to come thy name will revere,
 And thy country's love hold thee most dear ;
 Thy valour in arms each Briton adore,
 Who instruct all her sons to emulate more ;
 Its the standard for all gallant heroes to vie,
 And, like the brave Nelson, to conquer or die :
 For England expects every man to be true
 To his king, to his country, his duty, and crew.

Then long may the star of brave Nelson remain
 A terror to France, to Holland and Spain ;
 To light our bold tars o'er the ocean to steer ;
 In the battle's dread conflict their hearts for to cheer.
 With this noble reflection, tho' the world were in arms,
 To bid them defiance, and fear no alarms ;
 But think on your chieftain, and courageously sing—
 Nelson for ever ! our country and king.

An Epitaph on a worthy Proselyte of Mr. Huntingdon.

BENEATH this stone, cramm'd in a hole,
 (There's not a doubt of that remains, we know,)
 Lies Patience Meek—rest her soul
 In heaven above, or else in hell below.

A more sanctified devotee Providence ne'er attended :
 She backbited her neighbours scandalously,
 With sham piety and hypocrisy blended ;
 Yet never swore, but lied most dam—ly.

She'd say, " My dear, 'tis a blessed thing we've got"
 (Now this was to her husband while at dinner)
 " Such precious soup, when no meat's in the pot :
 God's will be done to us poor wicked sinners.

Besides we have a sainted Huntingdon ;
 Bless his name for evermore, I say ;
 He's a man of God sent to us, undone,
 Sinful reptiles, for to shew the way

To happiness, peace, grace and charity :
 The latter is well known my ample boom
 To all Christ's people every chapel day—
 For when we've eat the meat, I give the bone.

But yet the devil's with me, always busy,
 Whilst offering up my prayers for the poor,
 Well knowing my spouse and maid Blowsy
 Is playing off the w—— behind the door ;

Twenty or thirty times I've caught them out :
 Yet I was used to like it in my youth,
 And would, to be reveng'd, immediately set about,
 If I was able, with Huntingdon, that's truth."

This poor worthy soul would fret her so,
 You could not see a single rib she had,

Grown from a weasel to a porpus, lo !

That was a sure sign she was very bad.

Of love, no one had more, but then 'twas self.

Her friendly and kind advice she gave most free :

In learning, elegance, and manners, quite an elf ;

Yet vainly thought her equal none could be.

Her failings outweigh'd all her virtues rare ;

But since she's gone, alas ! why need we cry ?

Death has buried in oblivion all her care,

Which will be our case whene'er we die.

Wine and Love.

At the Temple of Bacchus reigns humour and mirth,

With every pleasure that abounds upon earth ;

There the myrtle of Venus round the vine doth entwine,

And friendship and harmony ever combine.

No affairs of the nation perplexeth the brain ;

No Wig nor vile Tory dare put in a claim ;

There Bacchus and Venus enlivens the soul,

And bury all care in a full flowing bowl.

If wisdom is wanting, 'twill make a man wise ;
 If dim in his sight, 'twill brighten his eyes ;
 If duns' at his gate, or under control,
 He may banish all care in a full flowing bowl.

The World's a Bubble.

THIS pompous world is like a bubble floating in the air,
 Blow'd up, if fortune smiles—or down, if caprice frowns
 despair :

All classes of this wonderous age I'll soon explain's a
 bubble ;

And Church and State, though e'er so great, but bubbles
 full of trouble :—

View the nation, high or low, bubbles you'll find from
 top to toe.

Chiefs are great bubbles, its well known that's been
 rais'd or depress'd at pleasure ;

And statesmen are bubbles, whose chief aim's that
 mighty bubble, treasure :

Whether Wig or Tory, friend or foe, a bubble's all the
 pother :

Thus all the world, both great and small, bubble one
 another.

View, &c.

Physicians, Lawyers, and Divines, are bubbles that
bubble all mankind,

By nostrums strong, and parchments long, man's life a
bubble you'll find.

Yet tho' the breath of man's a bubble, merely to give
grim death trouble ;

It's like a sword or fire—consume a world as stubble.

View, &c.

Your factious demagogues are bubbles of a short du-
ration,

Led on by furious Jacobins to murder and rob the nation :
But exclamation, alteration, and reformation, causes a
proclamation

That throw Painites, Foxites, and Jacobites into a con-
sternation.

View, &c.

Your noted gamblers are bubbles of the worst descrip-
tion,

That float on inexperienced youth, to their dire destruc-
tion ;

Who being allur'd to the hell in St. James's Street,
Bubble their senses, in a trice, from Crockford's to the
Fleet.

View, &c.

We have bubbles of beautiful ladies, miss, wife or widow,
 of all denominations,
 To soothe the anguish of expiring lovers, that are bubbl'd
 to desperation ;
 With bubbles of fortune-hunters and demireps, sculking
 up and down ;
 Like locusts on the earth, they eat up all the town.
 View, &c.

We are bubbled by arts and sciences, mechanical, philo-
 sophical, and magical ;
 With bubbles of virtuosos, astrologers and philosophers,
 both comical and tragical ;
 But now to bubble a conclusion, I'm a bubble with the
 rest ;
 For I bubble you all, while you bubble the jest.
 View, &c.

The Miser.

A FABLE.

A MISER, who possess'd much store,
 And still was adding more and more,
 By subsisting as it were on crumbs,
 To accumulate his wealth to plums,

Had placed it in a private station,
 To pay it daily adoration.
 His garden was the sanctum ground
 Where, low in earth, lay most profound
 His life, his heart, his very soul—
 I may say god, without control.
 In dead of night, when balmy sleep
 O'erwhelms the world, he then doth creep
 To glut his sight, and ponder o'er
 His massive hoard of golden ore ;
 Tho' not the least of noise he hears,
 Suspicion rouses all his fears ;
 Distorts his frame and shakes his limbs,
 And makes him fancy a thousand things.
 For knowing well he ground the poor,
 A load of guilt laid at his door ;
 Which Heav'n would avenge in time—
 A just award for such a crime.
 He never dreamt of retribution
 Until it came, to his confusion ;
 Which at one blast swept off his treasure,
 And upset all his future pleasure ;
 As by the sequel you will see,
 Produced, ere long, the catastrophe.
 With cautious heed he looks around,
 Surveying anxiously the ground ;

There eagerly he heaves away
 The pond'rous stone without delay
 That covered o'er this mine of wealth,
 Known to no man but himself;
 Where with wild joy right glad to find
 His cash, in tale, as left behind.
 Now o'er his bags, with avaricious shrug,
 He blesses all his wealth, and leaves it snug.
 But neighbour Sly, unseen by Gripe,
 Watch'd him as sportsmen watch a snipe;
 Wondering what he could be at,
 Groping about like a maniac
 At such an unseasonable hour of night,
 As a troubled wayward spright,
 Who haunts a place to discover
 Some horrid murder to a lover.
 His appearance was more of a skeleton,
 Than any semblance to living man :—
 A loathsome visage, death-like wan;
 Eyes sunk deep; cheeks all gone;
 A nose and chin quite nut-crackers;
 And his whole garb was all to tatters:
 Such a Joseph's coat ne'er was seen before,
 If Rag-fair had been search'd from door to door.
 Sly laugh'd to see his figure and attitude,
 Resolving soon on old Hunks to intrude;

Accordingly, as soon as Gripe had started,
 Sly drained the precious hoard, and then departed,
 Leaving some pebbles, which he thought as good
 As tho' the gold was there, as matters stood :
 But mark his next visit to this sacred dell,
 What shocking hideous howls and dreadful yell
 That issue from the cave (which gave such joys
 To the poor wretch, while it held his toys) ;
 Cursing the perpetrators of the plot :
 When Plutus, in human shape, came to the spot,
 And having learnt the cause that gave him pain,
 Replied, " Think these stones the gold, and you're
 the same :

For know, base wretch ! fortune never gave
 Riches to mortals, to become a slave
 To sordid avarice, or to act the knave."

}

So saying, in an instant took his flight,
 And left the miser in his wretched plight.

He now with grief to all relates his case,
 Hoping thereby his lost gold to trace,
 But finds no pity in a single face.

}

Thus, seeing no one willing to take his part,
 Finish'd his covetous life with broken heart.

MORAL.

If fortune blesses you with wealth,
 Be not that avaricious elf

Who grinds to lay a treasure by,
 In hope that he shall never die :
 But dry the widow and the orphan's tears ;
 Relieve their wants, and dispel their cares.
 And while you here enjoy the vital air,
 Let all your words and actions be sincere :
 Your name will then in future ages shine,
 When you are vanish'd from this earthly clime :
 For know, virtue and charity are brighter treasures
 Than all the gold of Ophir by ill-got measures.

The Burial.

MY friends who are here,
 To this burial draw near,
 For Vicar gay Bacchus I've found ;
 He's the lad to replenish
 The bowls that we finish :
 Henceforward all sadness be drown'd ;
 No sorrow shall frown on this happy day,
 But mirth, unalloy'd, shall pass time away.

This wife of controul
 Is gone to her dole ;

And, what's very strange to relate,
 Hell would not receive her,
 Nor heaven relieve her :
 Doctor Faustus to her was an ape.
 No sorrow, &c.

After seven years' strife,
 She departed this life ;
 An exit her husband so long'd :
 Let each jovial young soul
 Drink deep of the bowl,
 That wish to be free from such bond.
 No sorrow, &c.

Oft times we've been told,
 By historians of old,
 How the brave in their liberties boast ;
 So I'm happy to think
 Her powers extinct :
 Here's a bumper, to freedom's the toast.
 No sorrow, &c.

Now let all dull care
 From hence disappear,
 Never more to teaze me, I hope ;
 Spouse is gone to her doom,
 For a better to come ;
 When to her my best love I'll devote.
 No sorrow, &c.

The Conquering Tars.

A SAILOR d'ye see 's made of hearty good stuff,
 And of roving and fighting he can't have enough ;
 We are staunch to all foes, whene'er they come near,
 And their decks we soon clear with three British cheers.
 Death or victory's the word, sons of Mars, in a battle,
 While the cannons re-echo, prittle, prattle, prattle.
 Such dreadnoughts are we, that the god of wars
 Gave us the name of the Conquering Tars.

If the wind's abaft, or the surge runs high,
 Or tremendous squalls roll through the sky,
 We stem the tide, and brave the storm,
 For a true English tar will danger scorn.
 While our Spanish lasts, we've a happy life,
 For in every port can find a wife ;
 And when rhino's short, we courageous tars
 Replenishes again from the sons of Mars.

Then home we steer, with hearts elate
 Of success, while our enemies lament their hard fate ;
 And on that day, for succeeding years,
 We drink the king's health with three British cheers,

Not forgetting the girl we love most to our heart,
 As likewise old Neptune, for taking our part ;
 But above all the rest, to the God of Wars,
 That made British seamen invincible tars.

Superstition.

WHEN dame Religion a stalking-horse was made,
 And popes and cardinals carried on the trade
 Of superstition, bigotry and vice ;
 And monks and friars were not over nice
 In pardons, dispensations, and remissions
 For murder, incest, rapine, and sedition ;
 'Twas satire exposed the infernal priestcraft sway.
 Dispell'd the gloom, and freedom restored to day.
 Justice and mercy then went hand in hand,
 And peace and plenty crown'd the happy land.

Love and Harmony.

WHEN Stephen first I did behold (tho' many a lover I
 had seen,)
 My heart with palpitation throb'd, as I was dancing
 on the green :

He join'd the ring with smiles so sweet, while all in
 airy glee
 Dispell'd dull care from every heart with love and harmony.

The dance being o'er he came to me, and took me by
 the hand,
 And said—Dear girl, will you be mine? How could I
 thus a youth withstand,
 Who whisper'd tender notes of love, and spoke so kind
 and free,
 And vow'd he'd wed if I'd consent—'twas ecstasy to me.

I soon the nuptial day did name, which pleas'd my
 lowly swain ;
 Whose beauty, and the joys thereof, I ever shall proclaim.
 The bells did ring, the birds did sing—all nature seem'd
 in glee,
 That I and Stephen now was join'd in love and harmony.

The Negro's Consolation.

WHEN Piganinny first was I,
 I travers'd rocks or mountains high,
 And desert wild explore ;

Whilst I'd my bow,
 No fear did know,
 Tho' hungry wild beast roar ;
 Thus every day
 I pass'd away
 In joy and sportive gig ;
 And dance and sing
 To semero ting
 Some wild romantic jig.

When grown a man,
 Arms was my plan
 To revenge my country's cause ;
 I many a scalp have borne away,
 And in battle always won the day,
 With very great applause ;
 Then I'd dance and sing
 While semero ting,
 The music light and gay.
 But now, alas !
 It is all pass'd,
 Poor negro work—no play.

A dreadful tale I have to tell,
 I recollect it but too well,
 It tore me from my home ;

For white mans came,
 Made me their game,
 And barter'd me for rum.
 Then no more day
 I pass away
 In joy and sportive gig ;
 Or dance or sing
 To semero ting
 The wild romantic jig.

Thus parted from my friends and wife,
 The only joy and bliss of life,
 By the wide salty main.
 Had I but them, I'd ne'er repine,
 Tho' whips about my body twine,
 And make me die with pain :
 I'd bless the day,
 Tho' far away,
 In songs both sweet and gay.
 But, alas ! alas !
 It is all pass'd,
 Poor negro work—no play.

Yet though my destiny be hard,
 I soon shall meet a great reward
 From old Benamuchee,

Who waits to crown with chaplets gay,
As soon as death shall fix the day

To go to my own country.

Then every day,

I'll pass away

In joy and mirthful gig ;

And dance and sing

To semero ting

Some wild romantic jig.

Epitaph on a Watchman and Wife.

HERE lies an old scout

That made a great rout,

And was counted a cunning old fox ;

But death stopp'd his prattle,

And silenced his rattle,

And left him asleep in his box.

Soon the news reach'd his wife—

His darling of life—

Who took it so much to heart;

That she soon shar'd his fate,

And, strange to relate,

She in the same box took a part.

There let them sleep on
 Till the head patrol come,
 When he'll rouse them to answer offences
 That's laid to their charge
 By the people at large :
 So no shuffling will do, or pretences.

Solicitude.

WHY sighs my charming fair?—why so melancholy
 grown ?

What misfortune has befel, thy features to deface ?
 Pray dispel those crystal drops : let beauty, in her bloom,
 Shine with radiant sprightliness from thy lovely face.
 Say, was my absence so grievous to you,
 As to wound sensibility's harmonic string ?
 If so, my lovely girl, I ever shall adore you ;
 And with harp and festive song your praises ever
 sing.

Hail ! all ye beauteous fair, in frigid or in torrid zone ;
 Let worth so noble be your future guide ;
 As this angelic maid, whose virtues to the sun
 Excels in refulgence, divested of all pride :

Then will your graces add lustre to your fame,
 And you will gain the heart of every youthful swain,
 Who will extol with ecstasy your name,
 And bless the happy day that Hymen shall ordain.

The Merry Cobbler.

MY name is Richard Last,
 A jovial hearty fellow ;
 I works, and sings, and drinks,
 Until I'm pretty mellow.

(*Spoken.*)—Dam'me, says I to myself, what's the world to me? I'm but a lodger: and when I'm gone, all's gone. So I hammers away from morning to night, neither sick nor sorry, meddling nor making, nor troubling my knob with your Aristocrats, nor your Democrats, nor your Jacobites, nor your Proselytes, nor your politics, nor none of your tricks.

With my ran tan, tittle little, ran ;
 With my ran tan taro ;
 What care I for state affairs O ?

What's the King, or Pitt, to me ?

Or all such sorts of folks O ?

I love my King to be sure ;

But I don't love Billy's jokes O.

(*Spoken.*)—He's a damn'd rum sort of a fellow. It was but the other day I had two grand windows in the front of my stall ; till Billy thought fit to tax our lights : and now I am stived up with only a sniff of air, and a glim of light that comes from my hatch. Would to God he had thought of the hair-powder tax, (that only affects our city beaux,) before he had blinded us poor cobblers !—But he'll be blinded, by-and-bye, and be d—n'd to him !

With my ran tan, &c.

Captain Bluster struts and swells :

Honest Crispin, will you list O ?

Here's twenty guineas, in gold,

I'll put into your fist O.

(*Spoken.*)—Thank ye, says I, Mr. Sarjeant, I'd rather be excused : for, d'ye see, my gold-laced jacket gemman, after the money's spent, then comes all the plague and slavery of the business ; there's—Shoulder arms !—To the right about face !—March !—and, instead of a belly-full of grub, the pleasing satisfaction of a bullet smack at one's sconce, or a sword through one's body ; so that after all the delightful fun in the field of glory,

up to the knees in blood, there's nothing like contentment, tho' in a cobbler's stall. Your golden bait won't catch a gudgeon this time, Mr. Jackanapes ; so be gone.

With my ran tan, &c.

Brother Snob, says Dickey Last,

Why don't you, boy, get married ?

It's time—without you meant

When to your grave you're carried.

(*Spoken.*)—Why look ye, my lad of wax, says I, I know when I am best off: now there's no wife to be continually pulling the corks out of one's pocket;—no wife to cuckold me, and bring me swarms of bairns into the house;—no wife to put me in a passion, to send my soul to the devil. I can now do as I like; go to-bed when I please, or get up when I please; work when I please, or play when I please; but the greatest of all pleasures, I can get drunk when I please: no one to controul or call me to account:—in short, I'm as happy with my humble lot as a prince, and as great in my stall as a king.

With my ran tan, &c.

Equality;

A REFLECTION.

BEHOLD a king in all his splendour shine
 But for a day, and all his pomps a shrine !
 Behold a beggar, soliciting for bread,
 In death's a monarch in his clay-cold bed ;
 For there a slave rests, who, to toil no more,
 Releas'd from labour, is no longer poor ;
 Whilst kings, from palaces superb, cast down,
 Return'd to mould, who once enjoy'd a crown,
 Become no better than a beggar's dust,
 But must submit their corse, like them to rust :
 For no pre-eminence lies in the grave,
 With Him who has the wonderous power to save
 The soul of man from perdition's dreadful gripe,
 Or hurl it to the endless shades of night :
 'Tis all the same, whether beggar or king,
 Unless those things are done that pleaseth Him
 Who views, from Heaven's high throne, the deeds of all
 Mankind that dwell upon the terraqueous ball ;
 And pity feels for the weakness of those hearts
 That yield, unconscious, to the tempter's arts :
 But to the obdurate, unrelenting foe,
 His sentence of unextinguishable woe.

But rewards with celestial gifts the zealous just,
 Whose talent has been increas'd, given to their trust,
 With glorious beatitude for miseries here,
 When 'tis His pleasure before Him to appear.
 Thus kings are beggars, when to earth consign'd,
 And beggars kings—distinctions unconfin'd.
 O gracious God, who has it thus ordain'd,
 To let man know thy power is unrestrained,
 Thou makest him tremble at thy awful name,
 Tho e'er so mighty, or renown'd in fame.
 Proud, haughty Pharaoh dared thy omnipotent arm,
 Tho' he had seen thy wonders with alarm ;
 For which he perish'd, and his mighty host,
 In the Red Gulf e'er he had reached the coast.
 King Nebuchadnezzar's loft was forced to yield,
 To feed with beasts and reptiles of the field.
 And great Goliath, of wonderful stature tall,
 Before a stripling's feet did prostrate fall,
 Because he despis'd with scoff the living God,
 Whose champion he defy'd, and call'd him dog.
 But, on the other hand, see Joseph rose
 (By profound secrets he did from Heaven disclose)
 To be a ruler o'er a mighty land,
 And save a nation by his generous hand.
 Then Saul, by God's command was made a king ;
 And pious David next succeeded him :

Drawn from the sheep-fold, by impulse divine,
To be a king, prophetic and sublime.

READER,

Learn from these truths the power of God alone,
Who at will doth raise—at will dethrone ;
And may'st thou from this time thy life survey,
To mend thy actions ere time flies away.
Remember, when 'tis past there's no recal,
For death, e'er soon or late, will level all,
And make us equal, whether great or small.

}

Careless Jack.

THO' winds and storms dismast our bark,
Or dash her all to smack,
No dangers e'er affect the heart
Of roving careless Jack :
But blithe and jolly,
Drive melancholy
Away with cans of grog ;
To toast each girl,
As life we furl,
While time is on the jog :

For sometimes high,
 And sometimes low,
 Yet nought shall ever back
 Rowing, towing,
 Lugging, tugging,
 'Tis all one to careless Jack.

If haughty foes invade our right,
 And think to rule at sea,
 We tars soon teach them how to fight—
 The sons of liberty :
 For the flowing can
 Inspires each man
 With lions' hearts, on deck
 To stand to our guns
 Like true Britons,
 'Till the enemy's a wreck :
 Thus sometimes smooth
 And sometimes rough,
 Tars never turn their back ;
 Rowing, towing,
 Lugging, tugging,
 'Tis all one to careless Jack.

Thus sailors envy no man's lot ;
 The sea is our delight :
 We happy souls care not a jot
 While all on board is tight ;

For the flowing can
 Inspires each man
 With spirits all agog,
 To dance and sing
 Long live the king,
 The pretty girls and grog :
 Thus sometimes merry,
 And sometimes cherry,
 No trouble puts us aback ;
 Rowing, towing,
 Lugging, tugging,
 'Tis all one to careless Jack.

The happy Cottager.

BROTHER cottagers listen to my simple ditty,
 Tho' wonderful strange, I assure you 'tis true ;
 I know all the cheats of London fine city,
 The quirks of the law, and intrigues of court, too.
 Each man has a face to answer all ends ;
 And smiles to ensnare a poor innocent clown :
 His teeth or his money, his bottle or friend,
 Will soon vanish from him by the sharps of the Town.

The Courtier, with fawning and cringing, succeeds
 To titles and pensions, while other folks starve ;
 The Statesman, he boasts of his patriot deeds,
 Tho' ever so knavish, his purse to surcharge ;
 The Physician with gravity fingers the fee ;
 The Divine prays a mitre may crown all his toil ;
 While Blacklegs, and Lawyers, and Jockeys agree :
 Like lambs, tho' like wolves, they devour the spoil.

If you go to a play, or to see a fine sight,
 You are quizz'd by the wags for the cut of your jib ;
 Nay, the ladies do titter and laugh with delight ;
 Tho' you'd laugh at them, if you saw their droll wigs.
 The difference is our's, a lank natural scratch ;
 Whilst their's cropped and curl'd like the head of a
 bull ;
 And faces bedaub'd with painting and patch,
 That would frighten the devil, much less an owl.

Then why should we quit this sweet rural spot,
 In search of false friends, vain pleasures or wealth ?
 If you would be wise, never envy the lot
 Of ambitious fools, who know nothing of health.
 The horn's sprightly notes call us up in the morn ;
 The hills and the dales their fresh fragrance yield ;
 While cowslips and primroses deck the gay lawn ;
 And the birds' warbling carol us forth to the field.

Thus, how happy a life does a cottager pass !

Unknown to the great, and bustling world :
 With mind unperplex'd he views time's swift glass,
 Nor regrets the past moments which nature has furl'd ;
 But contented and cheerful in his humble state,
 With health, rosy health, his cheeks are adorn'd ;
 He blesses his King, his Country and fate,
 And resigns up his life, unconscious of harm.

Generosity.

A GENEROUS Tar who was just come a-shore,
 With his pockets well lin'd with rich Spanish ore,
 Had scarce cruis'd a league, when a mess-mate he hail'd,
 With whom he many a voyage had sail'd,
 And who for many long years thought was dead ;
 As he never had seen him, or heard from Spithead :
 Their meeting was truly pathetic ; for joy
 Diffused from their eyes, free from any alloy.
 For such friendship had spliced them, they were always
 as brothers ;
 And when rhino ran short, one's purse was the other's.
 The last time they spoke one another, was when
 Engaged in a battle, when Ben lost a limb,

And, to add to his mishap, a prisoner was made,
 But not until ten had fell by his blade.
 Thus divested of weapons, of limb, but not spirit,
 Was exchang'd to his country with honour and merit;
 But, like a sheer hulk, was laid by as unfit,
 By the gentlemen-butchers of the cock-pit.
 But fortune, tho' fickle, doth sometimes prove kind
 In relieving our wants, by the sequel you'll find :
 For poor Ben, thus disabled, was now drove to distress,
 Near found'ring for bread, had not Jack him redress'd :
 Which he did with so frank and noble a heart,
 Refusing all thanks for so worthy a part.
 His manner was thus :—" Dang it, Ben, never mind ;
 In me, my dear boy, a friend you shall find ;
 Tho' all the world flinch, I'll ever be true
 (So saying, he gave him a handful or two) ;
 For know, brother Ben, kind fortune to me
 Has been, without romance, very liberal, d'ye see ?
 The last trip I took will to ages proclaim
 The honour, the riches, and fame we attain'd.
 We had not cruis'd far, when there hove in sight
 A rich Galleon ; when we gave chase for fight,
 And soon brought her too ; and engaged her so bravely,
 That, in less than two glasses, sent half her crew to old
 Davy.

Then boarding like brave British tars of renown,
 We soon made the Dons their colours pull down ;

When we hoisted our own with British cheers three,
 And sail'd to old England with our Spanish, in glee.
 Thus my fortune I've made, and now for a wife ;
 And then, brother Ben, I am settled for life :
 And if thou hast a mind to live under my roof,
 Thou art welcome to my heart, so don't stand aloof.
 Thus safe moor'd in my cot, freed from wars, sea and winds,
 I'll quaff round the bowl to my wife and my friends ;
 And, whilst I have breath, for ever will sing
 May the British flag flourish, and long live our King."

The National Debt.

WHAT signifies grumbling and growling like bears,
 About oppression and taxes, and such ?
 I'll tell you a way will dispel all your cares,
 If the burden was ten times as much :
 So pray do not fret
 At the national debt,
 Nor the power of statesmen, I say ;
 Tho' they load your poor back
 'Till its ready to crack,
 It's only the whim of the day ;

So be merry and jolly,
 Throw off melancholy,
 From henceforth banish trouble and pain ;
 A reform, my dear boys,
 Restores liberty's joys,
 And makes us free Britons again.

Farmer ———'s voluptuous, extravagant crew,
 And his legion of sinecure elves,
 By luxury, debauchery, and gaming, 'tis true,
 Devour our substance like wolves.

But it's useless to fret
 At the national debt,
 Or the power of statesmen, I say,
 Tho' they load your poor back
 'Till its ready to crack,
 It's only the whim of the day ;
 So be merry and jolly,
 Throw off melancholy,
 From henceforth banish trouble and pain ;
 A reform, my dear boys,
 Restores liberty's joys,
 And makes us free Britons again.

Poor Johnny's so terribly hamper'd just now ;
 But the time will shortly arrive,

When, the mask taken off, will expose to his view
 The voraciousness of the drone hive ;
 So it's no use to fret
 At the national debt,
 Nor the power of statesmen, I say,
 Tho' they load your poor back
 'Till its ready to crack,
 It's only the whim of the day ;
 So be merry and jolly,
 Throw off melancholy,
 From henceforth banish trouble and pain ;
 A reform, my dear boys,
 Restores liberty's joys,
 And makes us free Britons again.

Pleasures of the Chase.

HARK ! the musical horn, how delightful it sounds !
 Why tarry so long, my brave boys ?
 Aurora has peep'd, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids you, thus time to destroy ;
 Come, saddle your steeds, haste away to the field,
 All nature invitingly cry ;
 Quit business, or sloth, awhile for to yield
 To pleasures that never will die.

For the joys of the chase gives vigour and health,
 And animates even old age ;
 It makes e'en a miser despise all his wealth,
 And sharpens the wit of the sage.
 For why should we lads ever trouble our brains
 'Bout the follies and cares of this life ;
 Its sufficient for us, without all those pains,
 To steer clear of contention and strife.

Like champions of old we return from the chase,
 With the trophies of victory crown'd,
 To the sparkling glass (for time flies apace) ;
 So let it go merrily round.
 Here's a health to our King, in a bumper of sack ;
 May he live long and happy, I say :
 And, next to our Sire, we will toast the whole pack
 That have join'd in the sports of the day.

The Naval Pillar.

WHO dare to call English valour to account ;
 Or say that Britons no danger can surmount !
 Who dare her native courage to assail,
 When Albion's navy every where prevail ?

Whose gallant heroes and undaunted tars
 Have signalized themselves in all our wars
 By the most brilliant victories ever gained;
 And o'er the world's united force obtained
 A rank superior on the foaming wave;
 And added to our arms the title, brave.
 Thus have they nobly immortalized their name,
 And rais'd a naval pillar of glorious fame
 Within the breast of each true Briton's soul—
 Of emulation, time can ne'er controul.
 Our beloved King has plough'd the boundless deep;
 His watchful eye for Britons never sleep.
 His flag's a phoenix, triumphant on the seas,
 And justice guards our sacred liberties.
 To protect, in peace, the happy cottage door,
 The helpless orphan, and the widow poor;
 With whom he sympathizes in their grief,
 And soothes their sorrows by a kind relief.
 These virtues shed a lustre on the crown
 Of England's king, of vast and great renown;
 Whilst great St. George our sovereign rights maintain,
 And brave Britannia rules the mighty main,
 The threat of foreign chiefs we'll e'er disdain.
 Hail! hail! ye powerful guardians of our isle,
 Long may your grace deign on us to smile.
 Revenge our wrongs; protect our trade and laws;
 Inspire our sons to boldly fight our cause;—

To brave all danger with their wonted fire,
And scorn to flinch, when we their aid require.

Thus arm'd, O Albion! thy glory will arise,
Like Mount Olympus, to the very skies,
And terror strike to all her enemies.

But when with victory your valour's crown'd,
Let mercy in your noble hearts be found
To spare the victims that in your hands may fall;—

Not in cold blood to massacre them all,
Like fell despotic power's tyrannic sway,
That rules mankind as reptiles of a day;

But drop a tear of pity on their woes,
Reflecting they are men, tho' they are foes:
And not, perhaps, by their own choice led on;
But forced, by point of bayonet, from their home,
To serve a cause, or tyrant whom they hate,
Against their will:—think how hard their fate.

Therefore, when you're masters of the main,
Remember carnage don't your laurels stain.
May peace her healing wings continue o'er
This envied spot; Britannia's sons adore
Her veterans to return with conquest crown'd;
And war's dire thunder no more our ears confound.

Then will the olive with the vine entwine

And English equity refulgent shine
To remote ages in bright history's page,
To stimulate the warrior and the sage;

Whilst thus our naval pillar proudly stand,
 No harm can fall upon our happy land,
 But peace and harmony go hand in hand.

The contented Miller.

How happy a state doth a miller possess,
 Who from morning to night has his fill
 Of pleasures unbounded, tho' not to excess ;
 For life, he knows, jogs with his mill.

In a neat little cot, on a sweet rural spot,
 By the side of a green mossy hill,
 He is happy and merry, content with his lot—
 With the gain that comes from his mill.

In the morning the horn bids slumber arise,
 Or more sweetly the lark's early trill ;
 Then to labour he goes—for sloth he despise—
 Singing luck to the clack of his mill.

Contented in mind, he ne'er envys the great,
 For ambition is never his will ;
 So long as he's health he's ever elate
 To work with the clack of his mill.

His wife and his children are kept neat and clean,
 And in awe by the mother at will ;
 While he's sifting the grist, or sweeping the bin,
 To the tune of the clack of his mill.

Thus, day after day, whole years roll away
 In preserving of life—not to kill,
 As the churl does the poor—but there'll come a day
 When all must come to the mill.

Old England for ever !

HARK ! how the trumpet brays to arms :
 Come, ye brave and valiant,
 Rise ! revenge your country's cause ;
 Though proud France, so gallant,
 Lay their gasconading views,
 With fire and sword pay them their dues,
 And make them humble rata tata tero,
 'Tis all for the honour of Old England.

Thy enemies, O happy land,
 Shall tremble at thy name ;

Much less against thy arms to stand,
 Or dare to blast thy fame;
 While York our noble rights maintain,
 And Clarence rules the mighty main;
 We'll laugh at their folly, ha, ha, ha!
 'Tis all for the honour of Old England.

Our King and constitution we
 Will ever sacred hold
 Though Dumourier's banditti
 Pretend to be so bold,
 Before our flag shall basely fly;
 We'll boldly conquer, or bravely die
 For George our King, lada, lada, lera,
 And for the honour of Old England.

Then come, ye youths, who wish to fight
 For Old England's glory;
 For ages to come your names will shine
 Bright in British story;
 Then join, defend your glorious isle,
 'Till peace upon it once more smile.
 When we'll dance and sing, fol de dol de daro,
 May old England flourish for ever.

An Impromptu to a Lady.

MISS R., it is to you I owe
 An obligation, which I know
 Is though but trivial to impart :
 Yet, I am sorry to my heart
 Such sad disaster should befall
 To one who meant no harm at all.
 In lieu of, pray Miss accept
 This diamond pin—'tis brilliant set :
 When on your bosom it aspires,
 The youths with ardour will admire.
 Those charms display'd will strike the spark,
 Much more the lover, to the heart ;
 If you approve with admiration,
 Rejoice to hear your approbation.

An Extempore.

To fulfil, friend Harrison, thy wish,
 As oft as thou shalt go to fish,
 Put in thy pocket these few lines,
 It may perhaps beguile the times ;

If rain comes on, and you want shelter,
 You run pell-mell, or helter-skelter,
 To honey-suckle, hedge, or arbour,
 The fish will crack their sides with laughter ;
 While you are reading of this book,
 They eat your tackle, line, and hook ;
 You'll then go home quite high in dudgeon,
 Not having caught a single gudgeon :
 Bless me ! you'll say, this Weguelin
 Has made me a prince of fishermen.

The Author's Address to Poets and Retirement.

YE bards who soar on public fame,
 And still are courting more,
 Solicit great Apollo's flame
 To add unto your store.

To give effect to wit sublime,
 And eloquence inspire,
 That all the spirit of the Nine
 Be join'd in one entire.

When from your brain a poem spring,
 Or opera light and gay,
 Let every note while on the wing
 Awake to ecstasy.

To sing the glories of our isle,
 Majestic in the sea,
 Where every virtue in her smile
 Springs from sweet liberty.

Dear liberty, the Briton's pride,
 The envious world confess ;
 The brilliant day-star of our guide,
 That leads to happiness :

Which foreign pow'rs survey with grief—
 Our riches and renown ;
 The splendor of our noble chief ;
 And princely London Town.

Fam'd London Town—nor Greece, nor Rome,
 Her charities can boast ;
 Whose gen'rous hand is ever prone
 To aid where want is most.

And not confin'd to her own shores—
 For nations far and near
 Receive her bounty from her stores
 When time of need appear.

Bless'd happy land ! how much I love
 Thy great exalted name ;
 Which to the utmost oft I've strove
 To celebrate thy fame.

But now my muse takes no delight
 In lyre or in lute ;
 Whose dulcet notes have taken flight,
 For age has made them mute.

No longer will they entertain :
 So now must bid adieu,
 To pass the moments that remain
 To me in scenes quite new :

To spend in rural life my time,
 Away from luxury's ills ;
 To listen to the village chime,
 And the sweet warbling trills

Of songsters gay, who hail, like me,
 The opening dawn of morn ;
 That brings with it sweet liberty
 To every Briton born.

To mark the snowdrop's early peep ;
 The cowslips of the dale ;
 The tulip's variegated cheek ;
 The rose-bud's breath inhale.

To hear the huntsman's bugle horn,
 The lark's sweet matin song ;
 To brush the dew from off the lawn
 Before the giddy throng

Begin to stir in cities gay,
 Or court-end of the town ;
 Who buzz like bees where honours lay,
 To fawn about the crown.

Not so with me : I've had enough
 Of all those foolish toys.
 To them I leave this empty puff
 For more substantial joys ;

Where innocence is to be found,
 And simple language spoke ;
 Where inoffensive mirth goes round—
 Religion not a joke ;

Where lovers tell their artless tale
 Of suit in accents sweet ;
 Where sophistry do not beguile
 To lawless acts not meet ;

To hear the shepherd's native pipe
 To maidens on the green ;
 Who dance and sing, with great delight,
 With swains of modest mien ;

To see the lambkins skip and play,
 The milk-maid churn her cream ;
 To hear the plough-boy's rustic lay
 While driving of his team.

Pegasus I'll no more bestride,
 But sip the fragrant breeze,
 And view bright Sol at even-tide
 Reclining at my ease,

Descend into the western main,
To put my soul in mind
How soon I shall from pride and pain
Leave the vain world behind.

As down the vale of years I glide
Serenely to my grave,
'Till time has stopp'd life's ebbing tide,
And death no more can crave.

Thus life will jog, from day to day,
Most cheerfully and sweet,
To smooth old age's rugged way
In my remote retreat.



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